

BETWEEN THE LINES

with

Don Shaughnessy and Alfred Horrigan

Democracy for Democracies

IN APRIL, 1917, the United States nailed the slogan "Make the World Safe for Democracy" to its mast head, and plunged feet first into the World War. (No one ever plunges into a war head first.) What factors actually brought about that course of action is debatable. The fact stands, however, that a very considerable part of the people of this country was convinced that the reason was expressed in that slogan.

Everyone remembers what happened after the War. There was the inevitable awakening and the "morning after" headache; and in those days there was precious little bromo-seltzer in sight. Disillusionment became the fashion and has remained such ever since. If you were informed you spoke bitterly of the international bankers dragging us into Europe to save their investments and of the folly of trying to make the world safe for anything.

The amazingly queer twist to the thing was that those who prided themselves most on being disillusioned had never begun to understand what the first illusion was really all about. And so they were even further from the truth than they had been in 1917, only not so happy. Which was hardly much of a gain.

The one question which was logically in order after the War was, not whether the United States was sincere in saying that it had been trying to save the world for democracy, but whether, in itself, the idea of the world being saved for democracy by anybody was good or bad. Any number of persons asked that first question, but it didn't seem to occur to most of them that the second question was even a question. The unstated, unhesitatingly as-

sumed basis of their whole point of view was that the millenium would be reached when all the governments of the world became democratic. They were a great deal like the March Hare in "Alice In Wonderland"; they hadn't the slightest interest in whether butter was the proper thing to use on watches. Their only concern was with the quality of the butter.

In the crisis last month all the old lines began to reappear. Talk began to fly once more about the "great democracies" saving civilization. The implication seemed to be there that there was something intrinsically evil about any form of government other than democracy. That implication occasions the central proposition of these observations. *The idea of making the world safe for democracy is no more defensible or reasonable than making it safe for monarchy, the corporative state (not to be confused with the totalitarian state) or any other justifiable form of government.* That is the point we

missed in 1917, and we were off to a pretty good start toward missing it again last month.

Making democracies safe for democracy is, of course, quite a different thing. The United States, for example, is intimately and irrevocably bound up with the notion of democracy. That particular form of government belongs to the nation by history, temperament and instinct. It is valuable enough, we think, to fight for should the occasion demand. All that, however, is not the least excuse for going off on a wild tangent and insisting that nations uninterested in, and entirely unsuited for democracy be made safe for it. No individual nation or group of nations has such a mission or right.

The Unexplainable Mr. Arnold

An incredible sort of thing happened in New York on October 26, Mr. Thurman Arnold, assistant Attorney-General, spoke at the Herald-Tribune Forum on Current Events conducted at the Waldorf Astoria. This is the point where the story stops making sense.

Among other unique sentiments, Mr. Arnold expressed the following: "Every organized state must have its established church, or as I have expressed it elsewhere, its folklore. That church must embody the fundamental truths and principles which give the state its greatness. . . The fact that today the established church of the modern state is legal and economic, promising security for this life rather than for the hereafter, distinguishes us from the Middle Ages."

It is not unreasonable, we think, to assume that a man high in that department of our government whose primary function it is to enforce the observance of the country's laws should be familiar with the fundamental basis and sanction of those



"HIS OWN RECEIVED HIM NOT."

laws—the Constitution of the United States. Such an assumption, however, is evidently not justified in the case of Mr. Arnold.

The first words of the first amendment to the Constitution are these: "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." The conclusion cannot be escaped that the established church of Mr. Arnold's "organized state" would distinguish us not only from the Middle Ages, but from the Constitutional Fathers as well. At that, however, the grouping of those two items is not so surprising. The drafters of the constitution had been trained in the tradition of the philosophy of those Middle Ages, and wrote much of it into their work.

Mr. Arnold has offered an unprecedented and unwarranted insult to the people of the United States. We wonder what explanation will be forthcoming.

Papal Nunciature for the U. S.?

THE circumstances marking the arrival of Cardinal Mundelein in Italy on November 5 have started rumors circulating once more concerning the possibility of a Papal Nunciature being established in the United States. The American Cardinal was greeted at Naples, where his ship docked, with the most extraordinary ecclesiastical, civil and military honors. The ceremonies were all carefully duplicated upon his arrival in Rome.

This emphasis placed upon Cardinal Mundelein's visit, coupled with the fact that he had been in close contact with President Roosevelt immediately before sailing, undeniably does suggest the possibility that negotiations are under way for the establishment of diplomatic relations between the Vatican and Washington. To our mind the verification of that possibility would be a most happy event.

It seems only becoming that the Vatican with its enormously broad interests and contacts should have an official representative in one of the world's most important capitol. The presence of such a representative would undoubtedly augment the influence of the voice of God's Vicar

on earth when he speaks on matters of universal, practical import. That our government would profit from such an arrangement goes without saying.

Routine denials of the existence of any negotiations with the Holy See have been issued in Washington. In the diplomatic sphere, however, such denials are not to be taken too seriously. If there is anyone admirably suited to conduct such negotiations it is certainly Cardinal Mundelein. Whether he is actually doing so or not is, of course, another question.

The Devil's Due

IN THE *Catholic Digest* for November there was a reprint from an Irish publication of an article titled "The Driving Forces of Communism." The author offers a disquieting thought for reflection. He supplies definite evidence that today in the city of London "black magic, sorcery, and witchcraft are practiced on a scale and with a freedom undreamed of in the Middle Ages." Devil worship in the literal, exact sense, he insists, is on the increase.

Our modern habits of thought are treacherous things. Even Catholics are so much molded by the environment in which they live that the idea of a personal Devil seldom occurs to them with any vividness. Our age has a half-expressed sort of notion that the test tube somehow terminated the existence of Satan as a real, definite being. He is generally regarded as a kind of metaphor, or personification of the forces of evil.

This bit of news from London brings us down to realities with a shock. Pagan nations of all times have known devil worship, or Satanism, in various forms. Today as hideous ideologies sweep forward in their attack upon Christianity and threaten to reestablish paganism in many corners of the world, there is little cause to wonder that there are signs of a growth of a ritualistic service of the Prince of Darkness.

When the Holy Father spoke of the Communistic crimes in Spain as "Satanic," we do not believe that he was using any sort of figure of speech. For understanding much of what has been inexplicable in recent

world events this thought may prove useful: "Give the devil his due."

The Game

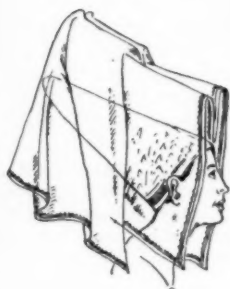
WITH the mythical "National Championship" still in the balance the eligible remaining in the charmed circle have dwindled to a minimum. Each Saturday brings a new casualty until now we find such teams as Notre Dame, Texas Christian, Tennessee, Duke, Oklahoma, and a few others heading the pack. Of this select group Texas Christian, Notre Dame, and possibly Duke seem to have the inside track. Duke's remarkable defensive record stamps them as the outstanding defensive team of the season.

If there was ever any doubt as to the real strength of the Notre Dame powerhouse it was dispelled with the crushing 19 to 0 defeat they handed the "Golden Gophers" of Minnesota. Capitalizing on their great speed and wealth of "break-away" backs the Damemen struck with the suddenness and devastating power of lightning. Never was the issue in doubt.

This suddenness of attack has come to characterize their play. In practically every game played this year Notre Dame has scored from "away out" and at an unexpected moment. This smacks of the days of old and gives one the idea that they have returned to the philosophy of the "Old Master"; the belief that every play is a potential touchdown. This is the best team since Rockne; they have everything!

Then there is Texas Christian, hailed by many as the strongest thing ever to come out of the Southwest. They have swept everything before them. Paced by the great Davey O'Brien they have stamped themselves as the outstanding candidate for the Rose Bowl classic. Always known as a great passing team, this year's team in no exception; for Deadeye Davey O'Brien seems to have surpassed "Slingin' Sam."

Although the East has no undefeated team of first rank there is no scarcity of strong teams. In this sector Carnegie seems to have the strongest claim to the title. In virtue of their 7-6 triumph over Holy Cross, and the beating they handed Sutherland's Scythes none can question their superiority.



The Fair Flower Of Brittany



by
Frances Y. Young

THE damp cold sea air which covered all Brittany like a thick, moist gray cloak hung over the towers and filled the moats and every chink and crevice of the old gray chateau.

To Marie, weary and travel-stained and dejected in spite of the vigor of her twenty-two years, it was a dismal prospect.

To have left the gay court of Amboise in a temperate season where the sun shone at least a few hours every winter day and to come to this dark, gloomy country would be dismal enough at any time but at the Christmas season it was almost unbearable. A duty lay ahead of her; she had been sent from the court of Amboise to guard and instruct, to be counsellor, guide and friend to the child of the great Duke of Amboise: the little girl who had for seven years been living at the court of the Duke of Brittany at Nantes. Françoise was now passing from childhood into girlhood; she would need some one good and kind and true to help her. So her mother, the Duchess of Amboise, had chosen and trained Marie for that task. It was a great responsibility because of the destiny promised to the little Françoise. Marie dreaded lest the girl might prove to be difficult; it was a hard task at best!

Passing with her train across draw-bridge and through court-yards behind thick walls, and up staircases, finally Marie came to the great hall whose lighted windows she had been watching hopefully since they first showed through the mist.

Warmth and light poured out on

her almost palpably. Confused at the movement and heat and color after the grim, gray hours of travel, at first Marie could not distinguish anyone. She looked around, hoping to be able to see her charge at once—so much would depend on the disposition of Françoise; here was Marie's new life; there was no going back! Françoise had been a lovable baby—oh, if only she had not changed!

Marie, herself an orphan who had never had a home except as a member of the household at the court of Amboise, felt pity for the girl, Françoise. It seemed cruel and hard that children must be used in the political schemes of their fathers, yet the Seigneur of Amboise had sacrificed his baby daughter, his child Françoise, to be a pawn in the making of his plans. She was, they hoped, to espouse the son of the great Duke Jean of Brittany, and that their plan might not fail, the little girl had been sent to his court at the age of five to grow up with the children of the Duke and if all went well to marry the eldest, the successor to the Duke and heir to the crown.

News had come to Amboise from time to time but news travelled slowly; the child was well, virtuous and happy, so report said. But her mother had not been content until a young woman, trained by herself, should go to the Court to be companion to the girl and to send word of her every act to her mother from whom she had been parted seven years before.

"And when the hour of betrothal comes," that mother had instructed Marie, "do you assure the child that

her inclination must not be forced. Her father, the Seigneur of Amboise has so decreed. Look you to that, Marie! There are many in France who would willingly wed the daughter of Amboise! The child may choose for herself. The child must choose although she is so young! Royal children, alas, may have no childhood!"

Marie, looking back from her palace, had seen the sad mother watching from the highest tower of the castle; her white veil waved until it became a speck in the distance; a mother's hopes and fears were in that silken mesh and Marie fervently prayed that she would not disappoint her trust!

And now, arrived at her destination, eagerly she sought the first sight of her charge. A group of gayly dressed young people were at the farther end of the great hall, playing a game with much hand-clapping and laughter which mingled with the sound of strings and flute in the musician's gallery above the dais where sat the Duke and Duchess, beside the huge fireplace, which was large enough to roast an ox whole and still have room to spare. The crest of the Duke of Brittany was carved deep in the rough gray stone and repeated in the colored windows which showed only a flicker of hue when the leaping flames pricked it out from the darkness behind them.

The walls were hung with velvets and silks of purple shot and fringed with gold. In the center of the room was a long table, strewn with the remainder of a feast.

The Duke and Duchess to whom

Marie immediately made her devoirs sat on their dais among their guests, various barons and seigneurs of the surrounding country, and watched the games and pleasantries of the young group at play. Many torches gave bright illumination to the scene except at one corner which was left in obscurity, lighted only by two candles.

Under the canopy there, was a manger filled with straw, and surrounded by various figures of men and animals and angels carved from wood. Preparations had been made there for the midnight ceremony of placing the image of the Child Jesus in the crib. Candles and flowers made it an elaborate bower.

Before it, trying to make a large and amiable dog go down on his knees, was a half-grown yellow-haired girl in a bright blue kirtle over a dress of a lighter blue. She might have been one of the angels of the group except for the color and life in her face and movements. She dropped her hands in despair when the dog, pushed to his knees, dropped over on his side and lay there very much pleased with himself at obeying, so he supposed, incomprehensible orders.

"Françoise!" called Duchess Jeanne: the girl turned and came obediently, her hand held lightly by the great dog between his jaws.

"He will learn!" she explained seriously to the Duchess. "He is not stubborn or he should then play the ass! It is only that he does not know how the ox acted in the stable at Bethlehem!"

"Must you have a live ox, then?" demanded the Duke Jean seriously. "I do not think that Toto is a very good actor. He's too fat! I saw you give him all your dinner under the table—bit by bit—aha, you were very sly about it, but I saw you!"

"But it is Christmas!" she smiled confidently up into the Duke's face. "I wanted to have a crèche just like my patron, my dear St. Francis built it—the very first crèche. He used real animals! And Toto is such a dear, good dog—only he doesn't understand."

Marie, with relief, realized that her task would not be difficult; the child was gentle, docile. Tomorrow

she would be told about Marie's place in her life; after many of the great company were gone and life was quieter in the great grey castle.

"And some children do not learn either!" admonished the Duchess; "Where is your sky-blue cloak, your damask frock—the gay leather shoes woven especially for this feast-day?"

"It is Christmas," returned the child in a low voice; "I must give to the Child Jesus. I saw some poor children at the gate." She made a gesture as if her meaning were obvious. "This is the same child," explained the Duchess to Marie, "who came home with us from a visit to the beautiful cathedral at Vannes with its fine stone statues, and whose feet were so cold that she cried. She was very little then, of course. When her nurse got ready some warm shoes to put on her little cold feet, she urged nurse to take them instead to the cathedral; her holy father, as she calls him—her dear St. Francis was bare-footed there—'how very cold, then, his feet must be; do bring him her shoes!'"

"I was a very little girl then," Françoise defended herself against the laughter. "I did not then know that it was only a statue of St. Francis!"

"But now you are a grown girl," declared the Duke. "You are yet too young to be married but you are old enough to choose your husband, as befits the daughter of one of the greatest duchies of France. It is your father's wish and mine, Françoise, that you should espouse one of my sons. The times are troubled—we must not risk waiting. This union will bring peace for years—your father and I both wish it. Our union will be strong enough to intimidate those who would prey on us separately."

The child listened, her gold head held high; dignity and understanding shone in her clear blue eyes.

"For that, I shall cease to be a child. It is sweet to be a child—I have no longing to be a woman! But my father's will and yours, my noble protector, are God's Will for me. 'Pax et bonum;' was the motto of good St. Francis. For peace and good, I will follow your wishes, my lord."

The noisy game moved toward the dais, several calling on Françoise to join them. Becoming all child again, her velvet-shod feet sped lightly to join the circle and when one part of the revelry called for the youths to crown the maidens with garlands, she bent her head joyously to receive her crown of roses. Singing an old song, the dancers wove themselves into a circle, then breaking into two groups, separated into lines backing away from each other. One lad, a slender, dark-browed youth, dressed in scarlet doublet and hose and wearing a gleaming jewel on his breast was left out.

"Pierre!" called the laughing chorus; "Pierre is it! Pierre is the fat wolf—oh, Pierre!"

"You haven't played fair!" Pierre hotly accused them, his dark locks flung back from his angry face. "You slowed up the game on purpose, Françoise! You wanted me to lose; you wanted Jean to win; you always want Jean to win!" Picking up his fur-lined dark mantle, he swung it moodily across his shoulders and stalked to the farthest window where, leaning his head against his arm, he gazed out into the night, sullen and brooding.

"The poor boy is so jealous!" whispered the Duchess to Marie; "and such a bad temper! My second son! My poor black sheep! Yet the saintly Vincent Ferrer, who died among us, told me that Pierre would one day die a good death. Ah, if he were like our son, Jean! Truly he and Françoise will make a handsome and a well-matched couple! Françoise may choose and she will choose Jean; what girl would not? He is good and gentle and handsome and the heir to the throne. Much power, as you know, lies in the hands of the Duchess of Brittany for good or evil, Françoise will welcome the power; she is sensible and good; she can do much!"

The Duke called the shifting group of young people to make a half-circle before his dais. He motioned the musicians to cease: everything was quiet as he rose to speak.

"On this blessed Eve, it is fitting that we should celebrate the betrothal of our dear charge, Françoise of Amboise, with whomever she chooses

to be her future spouse. I have promised on my oath to her father that I shall not force her inclination. My little girl, here are the finest youths of France for you to choose from; among them, my three sons; choose which pleases you and he will be your spouse."

Jean, the duke's heir, smiling confidently, reached out and took the girl's hand, ready to implant a kiss on it the moment she chose him. Giles, the youngest, a broad-built, cherubic faced boy, not to be outdone came to her other side and knelt there on one knee, looking up into her face. Françoise looked deep into his eyes and sighed. He was a choice companion; they had grown up together. Then she turned to Jean. Marie, anxious and distressed at the suddenness of the step, held her breath. One could see a struggle in the young girl's face as her eyes met those of the heir, the handsome young prince.

While she hesitated, the dog Toto, suddenly rose from the fire and walked toward the end of the hall, nuzzling his muzzle into the reluctant hand of the sinner, the outcast, the sullen Pierre.

Françoise, withdrawing her hand from Jean's gentle clasp, made a courtesy first to the young gentlemen, then to the Duke.

Swiftly going to Pierre, she took his hand between her own and kissed it.

"Here is the one whom I wish to espouse, Monsieur le Duc; I prefer Pierre. He needs me, do you not, Pierre?"

Pierre was transformed and became winning and gracious again. To be chosen ahead of all the others! This was indeed a triumph!

Recovered from his astonishment, the Duke with his duchess led the procession into the chapel of the castle. After the Christmas Mass was said, the betrothal was solemnly sealed. Peace and good—Françoise had said. Marie fervently hoped that she would find both, although the prospect was doubtful.

Years rolled by in the gray castle on the Loire and Françoise was married to Pierre in that same chapel. Marie regretted that that marriage had taken place; so pious a young

woman had better become a nun; why had she married the dour Pierre instead of the amiable Jean or the valiant Giles?

Pierre, whose disposition improved at first from the constant company of the sunny, sweet-tempered Françoise, little by little relapsed into moroseness and jealousy again. Power became his after the death of his father and the later untimely death of Jean, but that only intensified his weaknesses. He persecuted his wife and insulted her with his suspicions. Marie, devotedly attached to Françoise as she was, witnessed many a scene which distressed and revolted her. Françoise bore it all equably. She had her inner, "Peace and Good," to sustain her. It was then that she formed her own motto which she exemplified during her life: "Above all, to make God better loved."

* * * * *

Another Christmas, is about to dawn on the scene where Marie had first seen her devoted charge. Much has changed; now the little girl is Duchess of Brittany and time and suffering have taken their toll. Her eyes still smile, holding in their depths the look which one sees only in the eyes of those who are in close touch with God. Gentle, courteous and thoughtfully kind, she held the love for everyone around her, except her husband, and even he would have some gentler moods when he would not repulse and calumniate her.

This Christmas Eve the crib was prepared, and the grand-son of the first Tu-tu inspected the crib under the caressing hand of the Duchess. But no merry group was there. The Duke did not like poeple; he was going to celebrate Christmas in his own way—no guests, no music, no gayety; he and his loving wife would celebrate it together—alone! Marie did not pretend to understand this as an order. She retreated to a dim corner near the fire-place and stayed. Her dear child, her sweet lady, her beloved Duchess might need her.

Throwing himself into a big chair before the hearth, Pierre relapsed into menacing silence. Françoise came to her chair opposite and pick-

ing up her lute which leaned against it, sang in her soft sweet voice, a song of the minstrel—a song of love.

As she sang, looking with tender meaning at her spouse, his harsh mood softened little by little and presently he spoke gently to her:

"I do love you, my pretty flower—I used to call you my Rose of Brittany but those cheeks have grown too white! It is my fault; when that feeling comes over me—I hate you—I can't help it—I want to hurt you; I think I would even kill you!" "You must not say that, my husband, nor even think it on the night when our dear Redeemer came into the world. I have prayed to the good Vincent Ferrer, whose wooden rosary your mother put into my hands just before she died that we might live in peace and good together. We have no children, so our people must be our children, Pierre. We must show an example of married life, for above all, that is our duty; and to make God better loved."

"Yes, but a man wants his wife to love him best—so much that she cannot love others at all. I know that you love me; I love you too, very much. But you love too many others—every old woman in the village—every dirty-faced child—every tramp who comes begging at the postern-gate!"

"The Christ-child came begging at a door not 1500 years ago," Françoise reminded him in a low voice; there was silence.

As the torches burned low the light of the fire showed the two seated there together. The very size of the huge carved chair was dwarfed by the breadth and strength of the man who occupied it, while the chair of the Duchess seemed larger because of the slowness of her white velvet-clad figure. She wore no jewels save the one bright ruby which had been her betrothal ring. As she worked on her tapestry against the dark woofs, the ruby seemed now to burn like fire and then to become liquid like blood. Marie, well out of sight of Duke Pierre, shuddered.

The white wimple of the Duchess surrounded a face still youthful in contour although pale from fasts and hidden penances. She smiled at some

secret thought as she worked, and turning to pull a thread from the holder beside her, loosened a bunch of violets she wore at her breast. They fell to the floor. Marie knew their origin. An old man whom the duchess had housed and clothed and fed had raised them in his little old room under the roof—had tended and watered them and heated them at his fire, that he might have some blooms for the dear, the kind, the saintly Duchess for Christmas.

"Ah, my poor violets!" Françoise murmured as she picked them up tenderly and replaced them. The gesture infuriated Pierre. Who had given them to her? ... She lied! ... She had been very friendly—and perhaps more than friendly—to that Italian Ambassador who had been there last month. Flowers grew in winter in Italy and could be sent, still fresh, by fast horses! Françoise rose in virtuous indignation.

Pierre, enraged, struck her and struck her again until the blood flowed down her face and spotted her white gown with ugly wet, red stains. The sight frightened even him; he became as loudly repentant as he had been angry. Marie, with basin and towel attended the wounds and when they were assuaged and stanchied, Françoise extended a forgiving hand to the now humbled man.

"My lord, my love, indeed I pardon you from a heart full of love! Do

not weep. I know this malice is not a part of you, yourself, but from the 'enemy of nature,' Satan, who is envious of our happiness and love and the hold we have on each other for good. He is not ashamed to make noises and divisions and other evils because his office is to prevent good and to make evil. I assure you sir, that I, your little obedient wife, would never offend you or betray you and that I have never even spoken to another man alone. I beg you not to be among those, who while having to govern others, govern themselves badly and please do have a better opinion of me, your wife, whom you used to call your Flower of Brittany, your rose, your lily! Listen; it is midnight—the hour when begins the message of Peace and good will to men; let us resolve to be happy together in our conjugal love—to be peaceful and to do good from this day onward."

The bells in the chapel sounded; it was time for the Mass to begin. Marie arranged the wimple of the Duchess so that no marks of violence now showed, and covered her gown with a cloak so that no stains could be seen; hand in hand the couple entered the chapel. The saintly Vincent Ferrer had prophesied that Pierre would die a good death. Would that be far off? Or would his good resolution of this Christmas night last? Would her gentle Duchess again have to suffer the

persecutions of a jealous and suspicious husband?

The ruby twinkled in the light of the candles as Françoise raised the hand holding the wooden rosary to her lips. Was it a prophecy of more suffering, a hint of martyrdom, perhaps?

At that moment, the choir in the minstrel's gallery broke out into the joyous promise; Peace on earth to men of good-will! Marie, falling to her knees had no more foreboding. She could see the face of Pierre, lifted to the altar, transformed from his usual sourness into an expression of new and happy delight.

The change did not vanish with Christmas. Françoise had performed the gentle natural miracle of softening a hard heart by her love and tenderness and understanding. Pierre became humble and good and cherished her and revered her always. They lived a happy and holy life and he died, as St. Vincent's prophecy had consoled his mother, a holy death with his last earthly thought an expression of love for his Flower of Brittany.

The power and glory of the ancient duchies of Amboise and Brittany have vanished; but the memory of Blessed Françoise d'Amboise, is fresh in the annals of the Church. The glory of peace and the power of good were her life-work and always, in her own words, the desire,

"To make God better loved."

SNAPSHOTS

Dunstan McAndrews, O. S. B.

DOROTHY DIX quotes a famous child specialist as saying: "What most of his little patients needed more than anything else was plenty of wholesome neglect."

THE world's largest cigar, six feet long and two feet in circumference, reposes in a museum at Bunde, Germany. So that's where Count Zeppelin got his idea!

AFTER trying to contact the spirit of her husband for ten years, Mrs. Harry Houdini feels she has proved there is nothing to spiritualism. If there were a natural way to break out of the spiritual world, Houdini could have done it, and it wouldn't have taken him ten years.

THE German Bishops pray for German youth: "May Christ, who is the best friend of youth, the only eternal Truth, bless and protect our youth."

THE Bishops also say: "This (Catholicism) is the stone which was rejected by you, the builders, which is become the head of the corner." Besides their substitute rubber, gasoline, and cloth, the Nazis have devised a substitute religion, which is no more successful than the gas or rubber.



I SPEAK from experience. I am a professional writer. I am a Catholic with the sound education of Catholic schools, an education which embraces ethics and philosophy. I write well enough to sell to the "seculars," yet I cannot make even "coffee and cakes" in the Catholic field.

In the authors' magazines are long lists of prospective markets, classified into groups, including a nice little list of "Catholic mediums." But even among those which list themselves as open for contributions there is no real market.

Many of the Catholic magazines have staff-writers who cover every need of the magazine; there is not even a chance for a new writer to break in. Those magazines must be crossed permanently and firmly off the author's list. The editors know what their readers like and apparently many of them like the same old stories and sermons told over and over again in the same old way.

The press and the pulpit constantly deplore the lack of the Catholic novel. They have no interest in shorter fiction. I believe the short story is quite as important as the novel. The subject of the Catholic novel would take up an article by itself. This paper is simply to discuss shorter Catholic fiction.

Short stories are usually the only fiction which is used and they must be *short*. The editors have a touching faith in the ability of authors to turn out literature which is living and interesting and artistic in from 1000 to 3000 words. It has been done. It can be done. But it isn't done.

There is no scope for real story writing in such limited space; a fact to which I attribute the prevalence of amateurish drivel in too many of our magazines; plotless and platitudinous, you wonder who would read them. In the same magazine there will be articles which are authoritative and truly literary but most of the stories are not worth reading.

In some cases it is not the fault or ignorance of the writers. In such limited space how can there be real plot development, characterization, or literary style? Dialogue must be pared to the quick. Their standard is the type of story used commonly in our large-circulation popular magazines which boil down a good tale to the dregs so that it may kill a few moments painlessly.

Deplored as we do, the trend of pagan literature and the stupidity and coarseness of many of the movie-shows, some Catholic magazines should offer the obvious substitute of carrying several enjoyable stories of entertaining and absorbing length. A short story may be a gem of artistic literature—but using the plaint of the old ballad,

"It is gone far too soon, and forgotten."

The tricky tales of curt interest are reputed to be responsible for the overwhelming circulation of the popular magazines. I doubt that, for these same magazines carry some full-length stories and an installment of a serial as well as timely articles. The most popular magazine of all does not use short-shorts but does use several stories of at least 5000 words in addition to long installments of one and sometimes two serials. If Catholics want to develop a live, interesting press, they should not neglect the well-written story.

What do most of the editors of Catholic magazines want? I don't know. I have, during the course of the last four years sold to perhaps ten of them, yet when I mail a story I never know whether it has even the slightest chance of being accepted and if it is rejected—and usually it is—I never know why. The story is rejected accompanied only by the "death notice" or printed slip.

If editors would only take a few moments to dictate a few words to the author stating why the article or story was rejected—instead of spending the same time writing a blistering editorial about the poverty of Catholic letters—especially the failure of authors to

produce the Catholic novel—at least the author would be helped to the extent that he would know *why* he did not make the grade. That point being settled, he would know whether to re-write and try again or to re-write it for a pulp. The chasm between the two types is not so wide as we Catholics fatuously believe. In fact I once knew a pulp-story author who used to take a reject from the pulps, and eliminate a hectic embrace here and add a bit of homily there and sell the story as a “good Catholic story.” After all, a good plot is a good plot and should not be wasted.

It is a help for an author to know why his stuff is returned. When an established author knows that he has written a good story and yet it comes back and comes back from all the Catholic magazines with no reason for its rejection supplied by any of them, the writer's first reaction is that the standard of these magazines is unbelievably high—discouragingly high.

Then he reads some of them. “No, no! A thousand times no!” Perhaps his story just wasn't poor enough. That last statement is just sour grapes; of course there are a few stories which would make the pages of any magazine but those stories are the exception which prove the rule—of mediocrity.

Perhaps the story has been returned simply because it is too long or for some other reason which should not discourage the author from re-writing; he never knows. There are many facts which are kept secret about the return of a manuscript which, if they were known would keep the story from being damned to destruction.

Suppose, however, the story is accepted. With the exception of a very few magazines, the satisfaction is scant. First there is the check, when it comes. *WHEN*. Paying only on publication is an antiquated and unfair method and many are its evils. Many also are the magazines which cling to it.

While the accepted story lies gathering dust in the files it may become untimely or the policy of the paper may change, after which it comes back onto the author's hands—useless. The fact that manuscripts are merchandise of more or less intrinsic value is disregarded by more editors than the Catholics. Shoes or ships or sealing-wax must be paid for—at least within thirty days; not stories. I suppose with the editors' desks flooded with material and more pouring in on every mail, it is difficult to regard it less casually than one does the rain.

One Catholic magazine kept a story of mine for two years and then returned it saying—it was a Christmas story submitted one September—that it was “untimely.” I won't comment. I sent a story with the Spanish War as the scene of the story; it was kept for three

months then sent back to me because the war might be over by the time the paper went to press and then it would not be “timely.” I thought that was very inconsiderate to me but a hopeful point of view about the War, anyway—with no hope, however, for the new shoes which this story had been designed to buy.

That particular story was returned with pencil-scratchings all over the first page and edges so worn and soiled that it looked as if it “had been around” to eight or ten magazines. Yet it had been sent oven-fresh to the first one. Sometimes manuscripts are returned from these offices in other envelopes than the one (stamped) enclosed for return. Where it was folded once it is now folded twice to fit the smaller envelope. It must all be copied over.

I referred to the check “when it comes.” Usually the rate of payment gives the phrase “a contributor to this magazine” a literal meaning. I have been offered less than an eighth-of-a-cent a word and expected to glow with happiness! The first certain and unbreakable reason for the small checks is the small circulation of the magazine and the fact that advertisers are not interested in space except in big-circulation magazines. There is another reason which should be shown up in all its unreasonableness. It is the old-fashioned belief that writing is purely a spare-time hobby, done in a few empty minutes in an otherwise busy day.

There are too many success-stories by celebrated authors, who sold brushes for eight hours a day, wrote seven best-sellers at night and still had time to mow the lawn and become champion of the local bowling-club. There may be many like that; I have nothing but humble admiration for and no desire of emulation of these geniuses. I prefer to write all day (if you call writing work) and sleep at night. And then I hardly make enough to pay my expenses. My friends advise me to “get a job” and “write in your spare time.” If I wrote only for Catholic mediums, of course, I

wouldn't have to write eight hours a day because I wouldn't be able to sell enough to work even fifteen minutes a day! I longed at one time to call myself “Catholic author.” I can't. I feel pleased that I can call myself “author” and “Catholic.” The two words have to be separate.

The first time I sold to a general magazine, the check was accompanied by a nice request to send something else. I did. That was accepted and after that they accepted almost every story I sent. Over a period of months I sold stories to one Catholic magazine. Then a story came back with the information that their readers objected if they carried several stories by one author. As the subscribers are chiefly rural, it was a



surprise to me to note that they were literary gourmets! If I sell a story to a Catholic paper, after a decent interval I send another. The editors treat it as if they had never heard of me before. None of the editors—or few indeed—have any interest in the name of an author. It doesn't matter.

Now I come to my greatest grievance. A burning antagonism for the mysterious person who "corrects" and edits my stuff and makes it a far, far worse thing than it has ever been before! Nobody minds having real mistakes corrected; few are the pens which are infallible and certainly nobody minds having a paragraph or so deleted to fit a limited space. And no real author minds—though he may grumble a little—at having a manuscript returned for changes which the policy of the paper demands.

Definite changes are not only an insult to the author—an unprovoked insult which certainly offends the virtue of Charity—but they are also a confession that the perpetrator has a narrow and dictatorial mind. Why should a sub-editor—for a real editor has no time for such playful pastimes—or in many cases a sub-sub-editor take it for granted that an author knows nothing of his own craft? He doesn't get in the cab of the stream-liner, when he goes to St. Paul, to instruct the engineer; he dare not indeed go into his own kitchen to instruct and correct the cook about her pie-crust; if an author does not know the principles of his job, then he should not be an author and the sooner—for the sake of letters—he finds it out the better. If he does, then why must his vehicle suffer from back-seat driving? If these critics had made good in a decisive way in creative writing, then certainly they would be too busy writing their own stuff—and selling it—to spend time "correcting and improving" other people's

work. The complacent mind which feels that it can re-write and change whole paragraphs of a professional writer's work is the type of mind which can tear down but can never create. Even a beginner's work—if it is worthy of appearing in print at all, deserves the respect of "hands off."

Some of these people like your idea (who doesn't like a nice fresh idea?) but would like to express it their way, which is so much better than yours. Ah, but it is not their idea, nor are they the ones who are doing the saying! It does seem to curtail the freedom of the press. I repeat that there are occasions which arise when a manuscript must be re-written—at least in part for good reasons. Let the author do it and let him answer for the consequences: his name is signed to it.

I have one offense against my "correctors" which I brood over in preference to many others less flagrant. My character—rather a rough person I am afraid—perhaps too rough for the refined eyes of the readers of the magazine—used this colloquial sentence; "Hey, guy—shove over, will you? I want to order me a drink." My mentor raised the tone of the whole story and changed the whole character of the man by this one sentence; "My dear fellow, will you have the kindness to allow me to sit there beside you? I am greatly fatigued and longing for a glass of cold water." There's reform! Even if it did muddle the plot a bit.

But really it did not matter, for who reads the Catholic magazines anyway? Echo answers, "More people than you know!" But not so many as would become regular readers if there were many more long ones. It is in the power of the magazines to develop these authors. I hope to write sometime constructively about Catholic letters. I hope.



FOLLOW THE LEADER

Placidus S. Kempf, O.S.B.

To earth as charming Babe Christ came,
Of Whom prophetic lips foretold:
"A little child shall lead them,"
To teach the rules of childhood's game,
By words and deeds, to young and old—
How few there are that heed them!

Seeing Europe from Four Bicycles by Ray Bosler

AT GOETHE'S house we discovered that at least one great genius did not live in abject poverty, for his family was one of the four richest of old Frankfurt and was the proud possessor of one of the city's two private pumps. At the market place we ate frankfurters at the original frankfurter stand. In the cathedral we saw the place where all the German emperors were crowned. And riding through the Ghetto we saw plenty of evidence of Hitler's campaign against the Jews. Practically every home in the district is deserted, and broken windows and other devastations quietly tell their own story. While in the Ghetto we wanted to see the house of the Rothschilds. After an hour's searching and enquiring we gave up the task as impossible. Everyone we asked either refused us information point-blank or sheepishly said he had never heard of such a family.

From a lady in a photograph shop we learned somewhat of the hardships Germany suffered during the war and afterwards. The people of Frankfurt, according to her, preferred the bombing of the war to the atrocities perpetrated by the French and their Moorish troops, who occupied the territory after the war. Hatred of the French is not something that German youths only read about in history books; it is something real and intense, something which Hitler may one day use as an impetus towards war. The German people do not want war. We talked to too many of them to be

mistaken on that point. The country appears to be prosperous enough (except that there is a patent and alarming dearth of livestock), but many Germans, in different parts of the country, told us that after one week of fighting, food would be more scarce than it was during the darkest months of the last war. I do not want to leave the impression that the Germans are openly smouldering in hatred against the French. There are no open hostilities; there can't be, for rarely does a Frenchman plant his foot on German soil (which does not necessarily prove anything, because few Frenchmen ever leave their backyards anyway.) There is to all outward appearances not the slightest indication that Germany ever was at war. And if you ask the Germans who started the World War (a question that should not be proposed too frequently), they will answer back: "England, of course." But deep down in their hearts they would search mostly in vain for even the tiniest love of the French.

Late in the afternoon we left Frankfurt and the Main River and pedalled back to the Rhine. Mainz, some thirty kilometers away, was our destination; it took us a frightfully long time to get there. The cycle path between Frankfurt and Mainz looked like our National Road on a Fourth of July afternoon. Unfortunately we left the outskirts of Frankfurt just as the factories were emptying, and since Germans commute between cities mostly by bicycle, we were forced to practice some artful dodging and passing all the way into Mainz.

It so happened that about this time our money began to run low. German tourist marks must be bought outside the country; so we could not replenish our supply of German money without taking a stiff beating on the exchange. We decided to economize. At the Kolping House in Mainz we chose beds in the "Schlafsaal," a sort of public dormitory—a mistake which we made only once. What a night! A bed on a slave ship would have been more comfortable. The mattress was a straw tick, supported by three staves, that left their imprint on our bodies for three days. The sheets might have been changed once or twice during the year, but we were not even sure of that. Surrounding us were about fifty snorers of every nationality, most of them cyclists like ourselves. The worst part of it was that we didn't save money anyhow, for in the evening we had stumbled upon an ice-cream parlor that offered the best imitation of the American delicacy we had found in all Europe.

Aug. 20. According to all the authorities, the trip from Mainz to Koblenz along the Rhine is about the most beautiful in Germany.

It may be, but I fear that our names will not swell the list of authorities, if by beauty you mean that which enraptures the ordinary tourist, because the sun didn't shine while we pedalled along. Beauty there is about the Rhine; not even a contrary sun could entirely camouflage that. Our road was ninety-five kilometers long between the two cities, ninety-five kilometers of history and constantly changing beauty. We were in the land of the castles, the stage of German literature: where the old German counts and barons, the world's paramount rugged individualists, lived like gods secluded in their impenetrable fortresses high up on the rocky hills and ruled as despots over their vineyards, the envy of all Europe; where family feuds were civil wars which never ended save in extermination; where beautiful maidens were captured by cruel and ruthless nobles. It was a land coveted by all ever since it was known to man, by the Romans and after them the Carolin-

gians, by the Germans always and by the tourists of today. And with reason, for the Rhine is the bloodstream of Northern Europe. It has not lost its importance with the change of centuries. It has not changed at all. There may be steamers on the river instead of sail boats and bridges instead of ferries, but the peasants who jealously cling to her banks are still the busiest on the continent, and the descendants of the counts and barons still live like secluded gods in the castles on the hilltops, and the hills are still dressed in the same pleated grapevines. And the tourist senses all this, unless he is blind, and is thankful.

Thinking back now, I am inclined to believe we were fortunate that the sun was not shining. Germany is not the land of sunshine. The castles on the Rhine were not built to glisten in the sun rays, but to defy the elements. The dark blue of the river was never meant to reflect the complexion of a sun-flushed heaven. The beauty of the Rhine is not a picture gallery beauty: it is something rugged and stern, something that no artist will ever capture upon canvas. If you do not believe me, if you think I am giving you a lot of imaginative nonsense, take down a book on architecture and compare the gothic of France or Italy with that of Germany. See the difference. Or better still, spend a few days on the sunny shores of Serento and Capri and then visit the Rhineland. About the only way I can describe the difference is to say that the beauty of the sunny climes will appeal to the artist, but the beauty of the Rhine will thrill the philosopher. Not claiming, however, that I am a philosopher!

I must have been the drag for this day. The others were far ahead of me most of the time, not because I was tired, but because I forgot often that I was riding a bicycle. There was too much to see and to think about. I paid heavily in the end for my reveries. It was in the afternoon, when we were forced to rest a while under a railroad shelter because of a slight drizzle of rain, that I discovered that both of my tires were almost flat. Two hours were needed to repair the tubes. A more

picturesque spot for tire trouble, however, could not have been found. We were huddled together at the foot of Goethe's famous Loreley Rock, in fact, just at the mouth of the railroad tunnel. The Loreley is a gigantic black cliff that juts out menacingly and forces the river to bend in submission. It has frightened sailors for centuries and mesmerized the peasants of the valley. Even the bold barons, tamers of all the other giants, were afraid to saddle the Loreley with their castles and forts. It is huge, defiant, too ugly and awful to be beautiful, and yet without it the Rhine would lose half its beauty. What the others felt as we stood under the shadow of the Loreley I know not. But for me the roar of the trains (there were many) as they rushed through the tunnel made the rock seem something alive, and the bleakness, caused by the rain and wind, put me completely under the hypnotic spell of the Loreley's charm. It was then, I think, that I discovered the secret of the beauty of the Rhine.

When once we were on the road again, there was no time left for dreaming; so I kept the pedals going around as fast as the others. Boats going down stream glide along at a pretty good clip, yet we went even faster. Only twice we stopped. Once to examine a river accident. A big steamer, carrying a load of concrete bricks that evidently was too heavy for safety, had capsized. Workmen were endeavoring to raise the ill-fated craft, and we joined in with a crowd of enthusiastic watchers and shouted encouragement. Another time we stopped to gather apples by the roadside. Somehow we reached Koblenz before night fall.

Aug. 21. We began a most interesting morning in Koblenz by attending Mass in the eleven-hundred-year-old church of St. Castor. We felt very much at home in that church. Koblenz is an old Roman town—a bit of information we learned from a waiter in the restaurant where we ate last night. (Notice how we get along without guide-books!) The water's testimony was completely substantiated by St. Castor's, for the church is evidently Roman architecture of an ancient

date. By entering the door we seemed to have been suddenly transported back to Rome. And Rome, you must know, means home to us now.

The old Romans picked a choice spot for their city, and they called it "Confluentes" (corrupted to Koblenz) because it was situated on an angle formed by the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle rivers. Its beauty I shall not attempt to describe, because all beauty when shackled to words is about the same. A river is a river, and a town, a town; and that is all a reader cares to know about them. The busy part of our day did not begin until two o'clock in the afternoon, when we set out for the Benedictine monastery of Mariah Lach. To reach what we thought would be our refuge for the night we paid an exorbitant price, for we had to leave the Rhine valley and battle up hill. Benedictine monasteries always seem to be perched up on hills or mountains, but this one in particular was unusually high above the world. It was mostly because of my whim that the others made this side trip; only the possibility of a free night's lodging with the monks had induced them to follow me. As the road became steeper and steeper, I had to encourage them with stories of traditional Benedictine hospitality. A stiff wind, that appeared to be the harbinger of rain, almost caused us to turn around. We kept on, though, and were amply rewarded. Mariah Lach is a paradise. The lake and the hills surrounding it—all owned by the monks—seem to be a little nation apart from the rest of Germany. True to tradition the monks have erected a beautiful church and monastery, have planted fruit trees and cultivated the land. We were shown about the building by an English speaking Brother. He was kind to us, especially after we told him who we were; yet to all our hints about staying for the night he was adamant. When I finally asked him where we might find lodging for the night, he suggested a hotel nearby. The hotel was far too expensive for our limited means, and it was already late in the afternoon, almost evening. We were in a serious predicament.



Seasoned Greetings

A TRUMP STORY

by
Malo Topmiller

THE NIGHT before Christmas had developed such a tension at the Trumps' that the very walls seemed to bulge for a sneeze. Tommy Trump—around whom the whole family had built another wall with all the things Santa never brings naughty boys—was at the climax of his existence. Since early morning he had been jumping with excitement, and wriggling all over the place while demonstrating a

velocity that could have shamed a tadpole. Such important considerations as the present temperature at the North Pole, and whether or not the chimney would let down more things from Santa Claus, if it were cleaned, had to be discussed thoroughly.

So thoroughly, too, had Tommy and Therese blown peace through the pipe and turned their best week-before-christmas smiles on the fami-

ly that it can be firmly stated, without stretching an atom of truth, that in the Trump house, the lion *had* lain down with the lamb.

It can also go on record as being identical with truth to say that words were not needed to extract from Tommy what his heart pumped for Christmas. His movements about the house told all, for his make-believe shooting at lamps and individuals in the family disclosed that



a bee-bee gun from Santa would more than bring down his blood pressure.

But Christmas Eve had always offered a problem for the elder Trumps. It demanded a complete removal of Tommy from the scene, so the scene could be changed, the Christmas tree decorated and the presents laid under it. This Mrs. Trump had always managed with a Machiavellian diplomacy two-steps ahead of any foreign ambassador. Tonight she was shuffling her deck of cards for poker that would strip Tommy of any suspicion of a nigger in the pile. She laid down her hand and gave tongue to a full house:

"It's confession night, Tommy," she let the whole house know.

"I don't have to go, do I, Ma?"

"You'd better go. Daddy and Momma went this afternoon when we went to town to tell Santa what we wanted him to bring us. Don't you think you'd better go, so you'll be nice and white for the Baby Jesus when He comes?"

"Aw right, but I'll miss Santa Claus, I bet!"

"Well, we'll try to make him wait for you."

"Yes," said Grandmother, "we'll serve him tea or something."

At this stage in the hand Mrs. Trump drew Therese out of the deck: "Keep him away for an hour at least," she directed.

"Ma, how many times have I been naughty?" inquired Tommy.

"Well, now, let me see..." examined Mrs. Trump. "Not so many times of late, but make a big sorrow for the Little Jesus in the crib. That's what counts for little boys! It's not how many sins you can get together in a hurry."

When Therese was quite ready, she added: "And don't forget to tell the Monsignor it's been two weeks, because I had to get you shoes last Saturday."

"Well, that's that," said Mr. Trump when they had left. "Thanks to this being our last Santa-Claus Christmas."

"Do you think we ought to tell him this year?"

"That's what we've been planning, haven't we, Martha? You're surely

not going to back down now, I hope."

"Tom, I just haven't the nerve."

"Well, I'll tell him, and the sooner the better. He won't be expecting everything he sees when he knows I foot the bills."

"A big bill that's been!" said Grandmother.

"You think so!" returned Mr. Trump. "Did he ever miss getting what he wanted? Every time I suggested getting him something sensible instead of the trash he asks for, there's been a squawk that he would quit believing if he didn't get what he asked Santa for. This year it's a bee-bee gun. There won't be a light in the house!"

"But it's been worth it, Tom."

"I don't know, Martha. Having to fill the boots of a man who lives at the North Pole, has a toy factory all his own, and just sits around from Christmas to Christmas promising nice and expensive things to children runs up in the dollars!"

"Why—why, Denny!" stammered Mrs. Trump. "How'd you get in?"

In the front hallway stood Denis Trump, the eldest, who for two years had pitched his tent in Chicago to make journalism a better thing to be in and the Chicago newspapers something more than wrapping paper.

"Why, Denis!" exclaimed Mr. Trump.

"Hello, Mom, Pop, and—Granny! blossoming as ever!"

"Why not, Denny?" explained Grandmother. "I'm a hot-house plant."

"Same old Granny. Gee, it's good to see you. Where's Tommy and the rest?"

"Cedd and Wilbur are in the basement putting the stand on the tree. Of course," continued Mrs. Trump, "we had to get Tommy out, and Therese went along."

"Well, it's time we get busy," began Mr. Trump. "Denis, you might just as well pitch in and help."

"Gee, it's just like old times!"

THE MONSIGNOR, too, thought it like old times. This Christmas Eve, as in the past, he found the kneelers being dusted off by little knees. Big knees had gone to confession in the afternoon, and little knees were sent in the evening

to make the business of Santa Claus a surety.

"Well, well," said the Monsignor to the Trump children and their companion, while he interrupted Compline and his stroll in the vestibule. "Christmas Eve! And Santa won't be long now!"

"Merry Christmas, Monsignor," said Therese, whose firm purpose of mending the lies of the past did not permit comment on Santa Claus.

"Merry Christmas," joined Tommy and Stinky.

"Beat that!" exclaimed Stinky when they were on the street. "The Monsignor still believes in Santa Claus!"

"Sure," came back Tommy.

"Sure what? Ma says he's over sixty!"

"Well?"

"Well!! You don't! That's well—what!!"

"Who says I don't?"

"Do ya?"

"Plenty!!!"

"Ha-ha, ha-ha!" poured out Stinky. "Baby Bottle Tommy!"

"Harold Batsen!" scolded Therese. "You old—!"

"Well, there ain't no Santa Claus, and you know it, old Tessie Trump! You're jus' foolin' Tommy, that's what!"

"I'm not an old Tessie! My name's Therese, and if you don't shut up, I'll bite you!"

"Well, who's the Santa Claus in front of Clory's Drug Store? Now!! Answer me that, that's what!"

"Why, Santa Claus. That's who."

"Yeah, it's old Jostle Joe, that's what!"

"It is not!"

"Yeah? Well, I'll show ya!"

To Clory's Prescription House ran the three. In front of the store stood a figure that bore all the formalities of a genuine, trade-marked Santa Claus, but a Santa, nevertheless, who was a pall-bearer to a large sign which told in large, red letters that **SANTA CLAUS TRADES AT CLORY'S**.

"Hello," said Tommy, slowly approaching the red spectacle. "Ain't you Santa Claus?"

"Hit's what Mr. Clory tells me, Laddie, but I telled him hit be too cold outside fer this nonsense."

Tommy Trump's face suddenly became as long as Union Street, while car tracks began tangling at the corners of his nose, ran swiftly downward, and stopped to take on disgusted passengers at the corners of his mouth.

"Well, that don't prove nothin'!" rang up the conductor.

"That's right, Tommy," approved Therese.

"Yeah? Then, how many Santa Clauses are there?"

"One," proclaimed the two.

"Huh! There's one on the first floor at Simm's, an' two in the basement; there's one at Gladstone's, an' one at Mc Ginney's; an' there's one at Goldberg's. Yeah, how many are there!"

"Well, thim's jus' helpers," explained Tommy. "Ma says the real Santa is at Goldberg's where things is cheap."

"Huh, smarty, then maybe you kin tell who plays Santa Claus fer Mr. Blackwell's little Mary, I ask ya, yeah, who?"

"Why Santa Claus," said Therese.

"Yeah? It's ole man Blackwell himself, that's what!"

"I don't believe it!"

"Come on then, an' I'll show ya!"

To the Blackwell establishment went the dare. At the basement window three pairs of knees crouched intently upon what had just emerged from the coal-bin. What had just emerged from the coal-bin was a sinister figure dragging a limp and bewhiskered body dressed in a red suit and black boots. Two guilty eyes swept the horizon of the basement. The horizon was without the coal-dust shadow of a witness. Out came a bread knife, and with a wide sweep upward the knife hung poised over its victim—ready to strike!!!

"MURDER!" shouted Tommy.

"Shut up!" said Stinky.

Down came the knife!

"Ugh!" choked Tommy. "It's murder!"

"That you talking, Josephine?" called the murderer.

"It's Mr. Blackwell," said Therese.

"Sure," said Stinky. "That's their dummy Santa Claus."

Mrs. Blackwell came down. "Not so loud," she emphasized. "Mary can

hear you. And you're not going to use that old dummy's suit again, are you?"

"Gosh, let's go!" finished Tommy.

WITHIN the stubbed space of ten minutes, Tommy Trump had been shown enough evidence to prove that the Brooklyn Bridge had never been for sale, with the supplementary information that, when London Bridge fell down, Santa Claus was on it. But as deep rooted as was his faith in the jolly old gentleman, Tommy Trump was beginning to feel the internal surge toward heresy. All the way home he fought bravely with himself, while Therese fought with a proposition she finally put to alphabets:

"Tommy, you're not going to tell them you found out, are you?"

"Old Santa Claus!"

"But I'll get the blame!"

"Old-Reindeer-Pusher-Fuzzy-Whiskers!!!"

"Mom and Pop will blame me for not watching you better!"

"Old-No-Good-Chimney-Sweeper!!!"

"Please!!!"

"Awright, but they ain't kiddin' me somepin'. I'll show 'em!!!"

When Tommy and Therese reached home and opened the front door, such a chorus of Christmas Greetings rushed at them that their eardrums fairly shook until they rattled in their frames. Even the hat-rack upon which Mr. Trump had hung tinsel and strands of pop-corn did more than seemed possible to look like a tree. All Trump faces were neatly creased into broad, generous smiles, for Santa was there, as big as life and the padded suit he wore.

"Just in time," informed Grandmother. "Santa was about to give up hope you'd come."

"Well, well, my little man," began Santa's usual trend of thought. "And I have something nice for you, too."

Tommy grabbed with both hands. "Boy-o, boy-o, man-o'-war! A bee-bee gun!! Bang, bang, off goes your head!!!"

"And now I have another surprise for you, Tommy," said Santa, pulling off his beard faster than a razor could and taking his hat off in the house. "Surprised?"

"Why, Denny!" exclaimed Tommy.

"Denny!" rebuked Therese. "Your disguise!"

"Glad to see me?"

"Yeah," said Tommy, "but it's a dirty trick pinchin' Santa's suit!"

"This is going to be harder than I had expected, Martha," whispered Mr. Trump. "He doesn't even tumble."

"I don't know," shouted gram-phonie Grandmother, who of late years had found a needle scratch slowing up her recordings and sometimes had to bellow to get the audience she deserved. "It took you till you were fifteen to catch on. Lands, you were slow!"

"Now, Mother, that's not putting it quite fairly."

"Go on, Tom," urged Mrs. Trump. "Tell him now."

Mr. Trump, who was a true penny when you really got to know him, a true and false test to be answered by anyone who dared, and a lasting question mark in the mind of Grandmother, began his exposé of the Santa Claus racket with an introduction that threatened any semblance of coherence:

"Ahem," began Mr. Trump. "Well, Thomas, I ah—"

"It's sure purty, huh Pop?"

"I—ah—that is we all thought you about old enough to be told that—"

"Lookiter how straight! Bang, bang!"

"THOMAS! Listen to me!!!"

"Yes, sir."

"We have decided—that is all of us have considered deciding that—that we have decided—Finish that, Martha."

"Thomas," cut in Mrs. Trump. "What we want to tell you is that there isn't really—that is *really*—any Santa Claus. It's just like Micky Mouse and the Seven Dwarfs."

"Yes, April Fool, heh, heh," inserted Mr. Trump.

"In December, Pop?"

"You see," Mrs. Trump began over, "children are made to believe in Santa so that grown folks can have some fun, too."

"You see, son," returned Mr. Trump, "there isn't any Santa Claus—"

"I said that, Tom!!"
 "Well, I was only emphasizing it, Martha!!"

"I don't believe it!!!" came back Tommy.

"You don't—WHAT???"

"Nope, Santa's good 'nough fer me!"

"Now," said Grandmother, "there's something you hadn't counted on."

"But, Tommy," assured Wilbur, "that's right. There ain't none!"

"You said there was!!"

"But I was only make-believin', Tommy. Pop said he'd wallop me if I told you there wasn't."

"Yes," said Therese, "me too!"

"I don't believe it! Didn't I see Santa Claus myself?"

"That was Uncle Charlie, Tommy," revealed Mr. Trump.

"Was not! He had whiskers!"

"But he took them off when he left," said Cedd. "Don't you remember Santa going out and Uncle Charlie coming in?"

"Nope, Uncle Charlie's too skinny."

"But Pop stuffed Uncle Charlie, just like Denis," explained Therese,

".... in the garage, didn't you, Pop?"

"You couldn't stuff Uncle Charlie!!"

"But look, Tommy, at your gun," argued Cedd. "It says, 'Made in Newark'. See, Santa didn't make it at the North Pole. Daddy bought it at Goldberg's, and it was made in Newark."

"Sure, Santa ran out and bought it in Newark. Can't fool me!"

"My goodness, let's quit this!" said Denis. "You're getting nowhere with him. Come here, Tommy."

"They're all fibbin' and they better go to confession, ain't they, Denny?"

"What you say to brother Denny and you going in the kitchen and doing some card tricks?"

"Swell!"

"Well," opened Grandmother when the two had left. "What do you make out of it?"

"I'm worried, Mother," said Mr. Trump. "Tommy acts feeble-minded."

"In the kitchen Denis made out a mental menu of feeder-questions:

"Like your gun, Tommy?" he questioned.

"Do the one where the jack jumps out."

"Where the jack jumps out? How about Santa Claus jumping out?"

"Haw—!"

"Tommy," said Denis, who had met a lot of people in Chicago, "how long have you known there wasn't a Santa Claus?"

"Huh???"

"Come on, don't stall, when did you first catch on?"

"To-night."

"One, two, three, and there's the jack!!"

"Wheeeee, do it again!!"

"What's the idea fooling the whole house?"

"Make-believin'.... I got a right as well as anybody!!"

"I don't get it."

"Don't get what?"

"Make-believing there's a Santa Claus."

"Why, just plain make-believin' for next Christmas, that's all. I wanna shot-gun next year."

GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.

MAKING CHANGE



"Arose up and followed him."
 —St. Matth. 9:9.

A COIN is placed on the closed eyelids of a deceased person to keep them closed until the *rigor mortis* has set in. Money blinded Judas to real values, and caused the death of his body and his hardened, commercial soul. At the tax collector's till Levi's eyes were opened by the Master's simple invitation: "Come, follow me." Immediately he "arose up and followed Him." It was the Master collecting tax of him, and Matthew paid it willingly in the sterling coin of prompt faith.

Faith does not ask: "Why does God make this demand of me?" or "How can I meet this demand?" It believes, hopes, and acts, no matter what objections human prudence might raise. Consider Christ's action and that of His Apostle in this case.

Matthew's call to the apostolate represents a distinct act of defiance to public opinion on the part of Christ. He, the King of the Jews, selects a number of the most hated class in Galilean society to act as one of his immediate company. A Roman official to begin with, a Jewish Roman official to make matters worse, a publican, a tax collector, who was regarded as thriving on the misery and misfortune of others.

And Matthew? He prepares a banquet for tax officials and sinners as a public farewell to his former friends and companions—the only friends he had. "Do I seek to please men? If I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ."—Gal. 1:10.



SOLEMN PROFESSION AT EINSIEDELN

THE pilgrimage we were making was to Maria Einsiedeln, to Our Lady of the Hermits, for it is this Swiss Madonna who for one thousand years has held sway over the hearts and minds of Catholics, not only in Switzerland but in all Central European countries. In A. D. 826 a young man of noble birth seeking to escape the world came to Mount Etzel, and there in a forest on top of this mountain which overlooked the Lake of Zurich he led the life of a recluse, devoting himself to penance and prayer. But soon news of the extraordinary anchorite, renowned for his sanctity and power with God became known far and wide, and rich and poor came to seek his advice. This holy hermit who thought he had an inaccessible cell soon found there could be no peace. For seven years Mount Etzel became a place of pilgrimage where Hermit Meinrad was at the service of all.

From his mountain perch Meinrad looked with yearning into the valley below and wished he could hide himself amongst the dense pines. At last finding popularity unbearable he slipped away to this tract of woods known as the Dark Forest. Close to a gushing fountain in the very center of these vast pines he built himself a cell and an oratory. The wooden chapel which Meinrad had erected in 835 was with time to become one of the oldest shrines in the country, and there Our Lady, under the title of "Our Lady of Hermits" was honored and revered. In later years numerous hermits desiring to follow the example of this holy anchorite, whom Mother Church had canonized, came and founded similar cells around the original shrine in Einsiedeln, and finally a great Benedictine Abbey was to lift aloft its twin spires, while a magnificent basilica was to encase the tiny chapel where once St. Meinrad had prayed and meditated.

THE KISS OF THE VASTA

We had left the Lake of Zurich, far behind and ascended the pine clad slopes. On either side were verdant fields, where men and women, and even little children were mowing grass with the same old-fashioned scythes their forefathers had used. Often the road was lined with mighty pear trees, as large as the Vermont maple bearing small

green pears. In the fall these pears are made into a pear cider called "most," not unlike in taste to the sour white wine of France and Germany. "Most" is one of the staple beverages of the poorer peasants given daily at "z'nuni" and "z'vieri." These sturdy peasants are early risers, getting up at dawn, and after a frugal breakfast they are glad to pause at nine for "Z'nuni" when a refreshment of "most" and cheese and bread is served; at lunch and supper "most" once again graces the table and in many Swiss cantons instead of coffee "most" is served at four called "z'vieri." Besides pear trees there are huge cherry trees, and this black luscious fruit as sweet as sugar is either dried, or made into jam or Kirsch, a type of cherry brandy. The higher we drove the more numerous became the Swiss chalets. Some had grey slate roofs, others merely wooden slats held into place by great round stones taken from the nearest mountain torrent. Slanting roofs with stones are characteristic of this part of Switzerland;



Maria Benzi

SSOF PEACE

STATLANTIC

this added weight helps to keep down the roof when the dreaded "Föhn wind" blows from Italy. Many of these chalets answered a double purpose—that of home and stable, where lowing cattle munch their hay and

the family kitchen is merely partitioned off. We left the main road and took a narrow dirt path which led to Mount Etzel, for after all going to Einsiedeln would not be complete unless we first paid a visit to the sanctuary where Saint Meinrad had watched and prayed. The road wound round and round till having reached the top of a mountain we saw before us a somewhat dilapidated grey stone church. The sun dial which had once marked the hours was no more, the steps leading to the church were so steep and overgrown with weeds that we hesitated; to walk on them was almost an impossibility. Only then were we told that pious pilgrims had built these steep steps so that they could be ascended on the knees in a spirit of penance. Inside the little chapel were faded frescoes all depicting the life of St. Meinrad and how in the end he had been beheaded by two cruel murderers. This shrine is in an out-of-the-way place and per-

haps that accounts for its being one of the few Swiss chapels that has not been renovated.

A walk of an hour and a half down hill led us to Einsiedeln.

From far off we saw the twin spires of the Basilica, and throughout the entire valley we could hear the booming of their huge bells calling to Vespers. We went to the monastery gate because the real purpose of our pilgrimage was to assist at the solemn profession ceremony of six Frates. Three of these were Swiss and three of them were from St. Meinrad's Abbey in Indiana. I was acting in the capacity of chaperon to a little niece of mine who had been invited by one of the Swiss Frates to be his "Spiritual Bride."

I doubt if any of us really knew what the duties of a "Spiritual Bride" should be. But obedient to the orders received we presented ourselves at the monastery door and were led within. The huge iron gate swung back and we climbed two flights of broad grey stone stairs. Often as a child I, too, had come this way and I noticed many familiar landmarks, the long, long corridors with numerous doors, and far at the other end I pointed out to Trudi the cloister door where once I had followed Cardinal Gasquet and had been reprimanded with the threat of excommunication if I continued any further. The Guest Master welcomed us and led us to a room where two tables were set for coffee. There we met the parents of the to-be professed and all the six Spiritual Brides, children varying in age from 8 to 14; and "Spiritual Mothers"—married women who had been chosen because they were outstanding Catholics, and "Spiritual Fathers"—of these there were mostly Benedictine priests. We were to learn that this spiritual trio was to form a new bond for the young Professed, who on the next day were to renounce the world forever, and leave behind family, and home, and earthly things, and this spiritual trio was to become their only link with the world they were deserting for the things of eternity. The "Spiritual Bride," a child in years, was especially to pray; the "Spiritual Mother" was to care for the material wants, whilst the "Spiritual Father" was to guide and direct this new child of God.

Special places were reserved in church for the family and friends of the Frates. The basilica was a mass of light and color, the wrought iron grating looking more like lace-work had been thrown open, and above the main altar we gazed on a huge painting of Our Lady's Assumption surrounded by a multitude of angels. Once Vespers had been sung the monks two by two came down the vast church and entered the little chapel



Photo by W. Marthaler



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Marie Benziger

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Photo by W. Marthaler

of the "Black Virgin," better known as the miraculous Virgin of Einsiedeln. The Fratres on the eve of final Profession could be distinguished by their tonsure, which resembled a halo around the entire head. As many as could crowded before Our Lady's shrine and there the *Salve Regina* was intoned. Once this was over we were ushered by the guest master via many turning and narrow staircases to the third floor where each group of invited were placed in reserved parlours and the Fratres were free to have a friendly visit with their family and friends for about two hours. For them this was merely a pause in their retreat, for the parents a chance to see their sons, and rejoice at the great grace that had come to them.

Having heard that the three Fratres of St. Meinrad's Abbey had no relatives present I inquired if I might meet them. Apparently all three were in the same room with their spiritual brides and spiritual mothers, and none of the group being familiar with English the Fratres were obliged to converse in German. They were called into the corridor, where I was introduced to them. Frater Conrad was the first to greet me, and taking me for another stranger began to express himself in his best German. What was not his astonishment when he heard that I spoke English and knew about St. Meinrad's Abbey. It was amusing to notice the effort made by the three Americans with German,

and as Swiss German is a dialect difficult to master for any outsider, they were having quite a time. There was certainly no trace of homesickness in their beaming and radiant faces and we parted only when the tiny white haired and fatherly looking Master of Novices came to bid the Retreatants it was time for them to go back to solitude, while we, their guests, were to celebrate by having dinner with Father Abbot.

The next morning we were told to be at the monastery door at a quarter to nine, but from four o'clock on sleep had been impossible. Apparently all of Einsiedeln was astir, and though it was still night and raining, the monastery bells boomed loud and long. There is a melancholy tone to the great chimes and the only thing to do was to rise early and attend as many Masses as possible in the *Gnaden Kapelle* before we assembled, to be led in state to reserved seats in the main aisle. There the "Spiritual Brides" all arrayed in their white dresses and white veils with wreaths of flowers and bouquets led the way, each escorted by a "Spiritual Mother." The church was crowded; the rain soaked pilgrims brought their stools and made themselves as comfortable as possible in the aisles, as there are but few pews in that great basilica. The sermon was in German, the preacher calling on the six candidates to follow closely Jesus Christ, Him who had been called the King of the Jews. No sooner was the sermon over than the Guest Master led us through a side entrance right up to the magnificent sanctuary. The women were seated on one side, the men on the other, while the "Spiritual Brides" and "Spiritual Mothers" had places of honor. We were so close to the altar that we could have touched it. Huge salmon colored geraniums hung caressingly over the giant candlesticks and reliquaries of gold and silver, and tall palms lent grace to the picture.

Solemn High Mass was begun. When the celebrant intoned the Offertory antiphon Father Abbot left his throne to ascend the Epistle side, and there close to the altar sat on a temporary throne. The six Fratres who were about to make their Profession had in the meanwhile taken their place in the center of the sanctuary and were waiting on their knees. The Master of Novices was to lead one by one to the Gospel side of the Altar, where mounting the steps each would unroll the parchment scroll he held in his hand and read aloud in Latin his Solemn Profession. The parchment had specially come from Rome, and each candidate had written on it the formula of Vows in his own hand-writing, signing it and making at the very bottom a drawn cross, a memento of former days when many of the monks unable to write had traced the cross as their sign. The first Frater to read aloud in Latin his profession was one of those from Einsiedeln, the next three were the Americans from St. Meinrad's Abbey. No sooner had each of the newly Professed read his Profession formula calling on Jesus Christ, Our Lady, and on St. Benedict and the special patrons of Einsiedeln, St. Meinrad, St. Maurice, St. Sigismund, and St. Justus, to witness these vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, and stability to the monastery, when the parchment

scroll was once more rolled up, and brought to Father Abbot. There the Frater presented the same to the Abbot, who examined each carefully and handed the Profession formula to the Master of Ceremonies who placed it on the altar. When this simple but impressive ceremony came to an end the *Kyrie* was intoned and the young Professed prostrated themselves, Father Abbot praying over them, calling on the Holy Ghost.

In the meanwhile the Master of Ceremonies had carried to the altar a hamper containing the new habits of the Fratres. The Abbot blessed these with holy water and incense. Once again each Professed took his place kneeling at the feet of Father Abbot, who then removed the old scapular and placed over the head and shoulders a new scapular. Next came a black cap, which fitted the head closely and covered the ears and back of the neck as well. This little cap it seemed was characteristic of the monks of Einsiedeln, who wore this during the long and bitter cold winter months, when either at work in their cells or saying office in the church, for Swiss churches are not heated by steam, and Einsiedeln is no exception. Next the spacious "Cuculla" or choir mantle was lifted high by the Abbot and Master of Novices, and this entirely covered the young Professed, so that almost as if instantaneously he had become another person and had taken upon himself the very mantle of St. Benedict. At last the *Kapuze* was placed over the head of the kneeling Frater, but instead of being thrown back, as it is usually worn, it was left covering the head, and then Father Abbot was handed by the Procurator a threaded needle, with which he began to sew the young Professed into the *Kapuze*. From our vantage point we could watch closely this strange ceremony, and the long and carefully made stitches, about six in all taken by the Abbot, then the care with which he made a good, solid knot, and accepted from the Kitchen Master the scissors with which he then cut the thread.

We were later to learn that the young Professed could not remove his habit or lower his sewn *Kapuze* for three days, during which time he was in retreat. On the third day the young Professed met the assembled monks in the Chapter Room for the *Solutio Caputii* (the undoing ceremony)—a snip of the scissors and the stitches were cut away, and he who had as it were been buried for three days within the tomb rose again to a new spiritual and higher life, and from then on would have a voice in Chapter.

No sooner had each Frater received the new habit than the Abbot intoned the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* and bestowed on each the kiss of peace, which they in turn imparted to the assembled monks.

Photo by E. Gyger

There was something magnetic, something touching to this ceremony. Apparently I was not the only one to note how the three Fratres from St. Meinrads' Abbey in Indiana were radiant with joy, and how when they gave that kiss of peace it was more than a mere spiritual embrace; it was if they were spanning the vast Atlantic, binding together two hemispheres, the new with the old, bringing back to tired and worn out Europe some of the vitality and exuberance of a New World. Then and there came the realization that Holy Mother Church is One, Holy, and truly Catholic; we may come as we like, and go as we like but everywhere on the face of the earth her children are the same, bound by one Faith, by one tremendous love, and this is what the Americans brought home to us on that fourth day of September at Einsiedeln.

The Profession ceremony now came to an end and the Holy Sacrifice was continued. As the celebrant turned to impart to the Deacon the kiss of Peace, and he in turn gave it to the sub-Deacon, the latter took the Pax Tablet to Father Abbot's throne. After the Abbot had reverently kissed it, this large silver tablet bearing a picture of Christ Crucified was then carried according to an old custom of the Church to each of the monks who bowed to kiss it. As we left the church we passed right in front of the kneeling forms of the six newly Professed, Frater Innocent, Frater Herman Joseph, Frater Conrad, Frater Stanislaus, Frater Hubert, and Frater Moritz. They were to continue their solitary retreat, but we their guests were invited by Father Abbot to rejoice and come and taste true Benedictine hospitality and cordiality.

The great banquet hall was laid, a table with linen cloth and napkins set for 100 guests, and before each place a portion of bread and a carafe of white wine. To us Americans it seemed strange, but no European would sit to a meal and drink water; it is something just never done; even the children who were present took wine. Tall and stately Father Abbot entered the diningroom. There was silence as he made the rounds giving each guest his ring to kiss, before taking his place in the center. The blessing having been said the meal was begun. Everything served had come from the



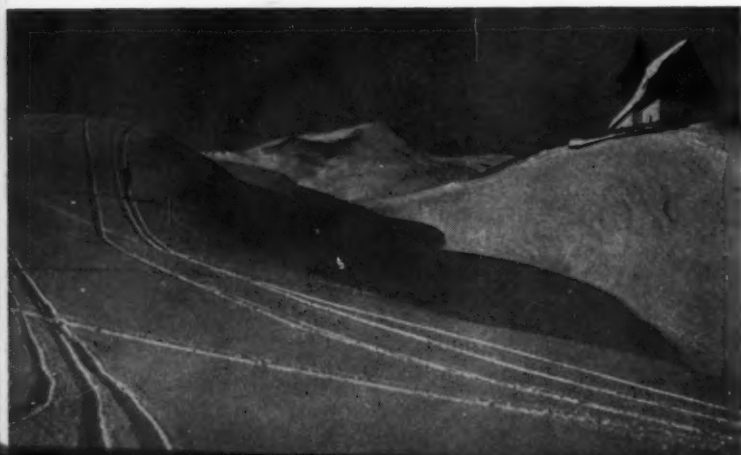
farm or garden and had been raised on the place; the cooking was delicious. When we praised the skill of Brother Cook, we were told he had once been a noted chef in some of the great European hotels, but feeling the call to a life of greater service and self sacrifice he had offered himself at the monastery—There were many of the guests who according to true Swiss fashion tucked their napkins under their chins and did credit to the banquet. Naturally all eyes were centered on Father Abbot. From time to time there was a twinkle in his eye as he watched some youthful guest. Here was indeed the father of the huge patriarchal family, and we mere outsiders had as it were become imbued with the Benedictine spirit of fraternity and hospitality. To me this was something I had read of—something that had seemed almost impossible—that it could exist within a monastery was understandable, but that this very peace could be imparted to us of the outer world was a lesson in itself. Once the meal was over all were invited to the Hall of Princes, so called because in the past the Abbots of Einsiedeln had carried the title of Prince of the Holy Roman Empire and exercised temporal power over the territory of the Dark Forest. In the Hall of Princes black coffee was served and Father Abbot made the rounds talking informally to one and all. Naturally the children were much impressed, especially by the fact that Abbot Ignatius remembered what had been the maiden names of their mothers, and inquired after the various members of the family. Somehow Einsiedeln has always been the heart and center of Swiss Catholicity. Here babes in arms are brought to be baptized and blessed, children come for First Communion and Confirmation, young couples to be married; in joy and sickness and sorrow people flock to the feet of Our Lady of Einsiedeln to seek solace and find help.

In the past the monks of Einsiedeln exercised their beneficent influence not only over Switzerland but their culture, learning, and art were renowned throughout all of Europe and they were sought as professors in the greatest universities and schools of learning. Today Switzerland is feeling the pinch of poverty as never before; there is unemployment and great unrest. Once again the monks of Einsiedeln have come to the front and everywhere people of all creeds are speaking of what they are doing to rehabilitate suffering humanity.

No, they do not believe in bread lines, merely feeding so many thousands and telling them to pass on. The monks of old and the monks of Einsiedeln have the same creed, the same belief in Divine Providence; they as *alter Christus* bear Him about in their very persons, and by that personal contact with humanity, by kindness and helpfulness are doing far more than merely feeding bodies. They rehabilitate souls and then cater to broken bodies. The deaf, the maimed, the outcast finds a shelter at the Abbey of Einsiedeln. Not merely as indolent refugees are these left to shift for themselves, but they are accepted and taught the value and honor of labour. These very people are used as farmhands, paid a salary, given a home and made to feel they are an integral part of the whole. Having found something to be proud about—these social outcasts feel as if they too belong to that vast family of which St. Benedict was the founder.

Leaving Einsiedeln we felt we had learned much. For three days the invited had been the guests of the monastery. Three days had we tasted of that wonderful hospitality. To us who live in America it was a revelation. How could Father Abbot, one of the most important men in the country, afford to give us so much of his time? How could the monks be at our beck and call morning, noon, and night? There had been no long waiting; we were made to feel at every hour of the day that we were guests and not intruders. And so I wondered if after all the Old World had not something to teach the New World. How often have I not visited convents in some of our great American cities and had to wait merely to be told that the Superior or a former teacher of mine was busy and as I had not made an appointment before, would I call again. To the working man and woman of America this very attitude on the part of cloistered religious has caused a feeling of friction, of not being welcome. My prayer as I bid farewell at the feet of the Sweet Madonna of Einsiedeln was that some of the peace and kindness which the sons of St. Benedict imparted to us at Einsiedeln may be broadcast over a hectic world, that all may come to understand the fulness of peace and the power of that peace, that hospitality which those within a cloistered Community can impart to us living in the world.

EDITOR'S NOTE: From this thousand year old abbey of Einsiedeln there came to America in 1853 two Benedictine monks, Fathers Bede O'Connor and Ulrich Christen, to make the foundation of St. Meinrad's Abbey. In the eighty-five years since the foundation St. Meinrad has itself become the parent of a flourishing abbey in Louisiana, and has been helpful in establishing other houses in the United States. The Frates mentioned in this article are the Reverend Deacons Herman Romoser, Conrad Louis, and Stanislaus Maudlin, who are taking their theological course at St. Anselmo's International Benedictine College in Rome, and spending the summers at Einsiedeln, Switzerland.



SINGING at the FOUNTAINS

A strange and edifying custom of almost four hundred years is followed in Switzerland's welcome to the Christ Child on Christmas night.

ONE of the most impressive Christmas Customs in Switzerland is the "Singing at the Fountains" by the Sebastiani Brotherhood in the picture-town spa of Rheinfelden. It starts at 11 P. M. on Christmas Eve and, according to the Swiss writer Gottlieb Wyss, had its origin in the year 1540 A. D. when a terrible plague sweeping through many lands also visited Rheinfelden.

Twelve men, with hearts full of charity and brotherly love for their neighbors, formed at that time a brotherhood in honor of Saint Sebastian, promising to pray to him to safeguard their town from further distress. These Sebastiani Brethren also undertook to nurse those afflicted by the plague and to bury its victims. If one of their own members died the Brethren acted as pallbearers and up to the present day, by their own selection, the membership of the brotherhood has been maintained at twelve.

Pestilence in medieval days was ascribed to bad spirits in the water and when the Sebastiani Brethren make their round of seven fountains on Christmas Eve, they start at the fountain in the so-called "Froschweide" in which district the plague started in the 16th century. After singing for the 7th time near the town church they join its congregation for Midnight Mass,

first placing their quaint mounted lantern, with its lighted candle, before the altar of Saint Sebastian.

For their Christmas Eve singing the twelve Brethren are dressed in dark clothes and black silk top hats. Around their lantern bearer they stand in a circle and three times, as the name of the son of God is mentioned in their song, they devoutly uncover their heads. The song itself dates far back into the Middle Ages and emphasizes again and again the mystery of the virgin birth of Jesus.

On New Year's Eve, between 9 and 10 o'clock, the Sebastiani Brethren make once more the round of the fountains, this time singing another old song which concludes with the wish that Saint Sebastian may intercede for all in the New Year, so that they may be safeguarded from war, pestilence and danger of life.

Photo by O. Zimmermann





At the ROUND TABLE with SIR GALAHAD



KNIGHTHOOD calls to modern youth to enlist under the banner of the King of Kings as JUNIOR KNIGHTS OF THE GRAIL. The call goes forth today as in the days of old when King Arthur called the flower of youth to his court, to knighthood, and to the Round Table. This call is not for the quest of the Grail, which was the chalice that Our Lord used at the Last Supper, but for the restoration of Our Lord Himself to His place in the world as King of Kings by the all powerful arms of prayer and good works. It is not a lonely quest of single knights overcoming their difficulties and fighting their combats alone, but a mighty Crusade of thousands of knights out to conquer the nations of the world and make them faithful subjects of Our Lord.

Young and valiant hearts are needed to support the KNIGHTS OF THE GRAIL in this great Crusade of prayer and to lend assistance to the prayers of the monks in their castles of prayer, the power-houses of the world-crusade for restoring Our Lord to His rightful place. The KNIGHTS and the monks have the world to conquer. Let America be first.

The JUNIOR KNIGHTS have been assigned to the care of the perfect knight, as he was known, Sir Galahad of King Arthur's Round Table, the one who withdrew the immovable sword from



the rock, and who, as he was dying, achieved the quest of the Grail.

The spiritual duties and the privileges of the JUNIOR KNIGHTS will be the same as those of the KNIGHTS. Any boy or girl can enlist by sending application for enrollment to Sir Galahad, THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind. For group applications such as clubs and school-

rooms, information will be sent on request.

The Communists make use of grade school children to distribute Communistic literature, to oppose honor to the American flag, and to undermine religion. In Mexico, Spain, Germany, and Russia, children have been taught to hate their parents and their teachers. In America we want to enroll all children in a new Children's Crusade, to work and pray for the spread of Christ's kingdom in their own souls and in their own families. This can be done by carrying out the motto of the Junior Knights: "Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King." Who can number the graces God will grant in answer to the fervent daily prayer of thousands of children from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico, all wearing the

livery of the Knights of the Grail, the medal of a champion of the spiritual life, the man of God, St. Benedict! Send for a free medal and an explanation of the markings.

Clear the skies of stormy winds to-day,
For Winter wings upon the ocean—spray;
Shout the message to the distant vale,
For snow and sleet relate this Christmas tale:
Many Knights assembled for the guest
Of Christ the King, to be the chosen Guest;
Each received instruction, each assigned;
And only those, as white as snow, did find!

Explanation of Family Certificate — The Symbolism of Terce

Our picture combines thoughts of the Holy Spirit's coming and of the sacraments of Confirmation and the Eucharist. In the sacrament of Confirmation a Christian is in a sense dedicated to priesthood, knighthood and martyrdom; hence the three figures surmounted by the tongues of flame representing the Holy Spirit. The outpouring of the Holy Spirit in the Church is wrought in virtue of the holy Sacrifice of our Redemption and through the priesthood. The three-branched

candelabrum symbolizes the Church (the Trinity). The knight's equipment recalls the Pauline text which speaks of "the armor of God" (Eph. 6, 12). The martyr carries the palm branch, emblem of victory, and a scroll, emblem of the faith for which he has given his life, "Who will separate us from the love of Christ?" words which he has proven by his death. The priest offers the holy Sacrifice in which the flesh and blood of Christ are made present by the power of the Holy Spirit.



Are You One of Them?

YOU have met him and so have I. Watch a football or a basketball game—any game for that matter, and you can pick him out within five minutes. I mean the "sorehead."

Dissatisfied with the officiating, disgruntled with his teammates, discourteous towards his opponents, he advertises his presence by loud and repeated squawks. If he wins, he gloats; if he loses, he becomes unapproachable. He is full of alibis and complaints. He was cheated. His own team didn't support him. The referee is a known crook. There is your sorehead. You can't miss him.

There are two species of this unknighly and unchivalrous boy: the loud and squawking kind and the sullen type. The former advertises himself readily enough; you can hear him and loathe him. The sullen type says very little, but quits. Have you ever seen him throw his glove on the field and simply walk off? Have you seen him toss his bat into the dugout and look robbed? He says very little, but sits sullenly by, a kind of smoldering volcano.

Nobody likes a sorehead. He is tolerated because he may be a good player as an individual or he may own the ball or his parents may own the vacant lot. But liked he is not. And as a team player he is a liability.

After all, what's in a game won or lost? What will it matter for eternity whether the score stood 6—7 or 7—6? A few days after the game, certainly a year after, you will hardly remember the affair. Nothing really matters except the control of our passions, particularly the restraint of the ego, the big "I." If your "I" can't take a punch in a game or in life when you are older, you are to be pitied. Your whole life will be a game, a contest where there are opposing forces. Don't lose your head. To-day you win; to-morrow you lose. What does it matter?

The sorehead, then, is doomed to fail. There are smarter people and bigger people than he will ever be. And he cannot bully the eternal Referee.

Thomas Schaefer, O. S. B.

Three and Twenty Knights — and a Lady

Carl Westbrook

IT WAS really Father Raymond's fault. Of course, the good priest was blissfully unaware of what he had started, for there was not the slightest reason to suspect that his little talk on the customs of far-away lands would come so perilously close to raising a schism in the Church, promoting a score or so apostacies, or launching an expedition to Rome for the purpose of throwing out of business every missionary in China, to say nothing of an incidental interference with the fish industry.

No. He could not have guessed that. You would not have guessed it yourself. But, honestly, he came nearer to doing that very thing than any other man during the past couple of centuries.

"In the poorer provinces," he concluded his lecture, "food is scarce. A man cannot support his family. Babies are unwelcome. Often, they are thrown into the river—"

"Just like that?" hastily demanded Fritz who always liked to get his information precise.

"Do the fish eat 'em?" Noel asked.

"Our missionaries," disregarding the interruption, "ransom these babies whenever possible. For five dollars—"

"Cripes! What a price!"

Louie, who used to live in Chicago, possessed a better knowledge of commodity prices. "Cheap," was his comment. "Over here, ransom comes high."

"Do the fish—" began Noel.

"—What they do with 'em when they get 'em?"

"—Yeah. How can a priest nurse a baby?"

"Oh, they have homes for them. The Sisters take care of the little ones and the girls. Bigger boys are taught by the Fathers."

"Uh-huh." The audience nodded comprehension. "Same as over here."

"Don't some of 'em get to be priests?"

"A few. Certainly those who show a desire to enter the religious life are encouraged, for the greatest asset



the Church has in China is the native priest or sister. Such a person—"

"But would the fish have eaten them?" Noel hadn't emerged from the river yet.

Such was the overture, abridged. Its tempo, subject to violent changes, varied from *lento* to *prestissimo*. It took in everything. For instance, you might imagine Father Raymond doing his stuff in *recitativo* with occasional chants in Gregorian. Interruptions are best interpreted by *staccato*, stray remarks by *capriccio*, Noel's fish business by *barcarolle*. When all talk at once just turn on the orchestra full force and syncopate. You'll get along. In case of doubt simply switch from *adagio* to *allegro*, or vice versa. In other words do something different quick. Mixed-up

tunes don't matter. This is that kind of music.

The first act starts off with a general lamentation by the chorus with horns all working. It is a dirge. The theme to be put across is that it's a heck of a thing to be chucked in the river. The *leitmotif*, appropriately gurgled by the reeds, is a plaintive one. Fritz, who a season or so ago had fallen off a mud scow face down into a mud bank, experienced a stirring of the sympathetic chords and promptly voiced a solo somewhere up G. The encore was handled by James who had been nipped by a crab once while wading. He chirped it in G sharp.

"But five bucks, man, is money."

"Is a Chink worth it?"

"He's got a soul, ain't he?"

"Well,"—grudgingly—"A Chink soul."

"Okay if it's baptized."

"Sure is. He could even get to be a priest with it."

"Might at that."

"Yeah. And after while, when he grows up, he might come and see us."

"Huh! If we pull him out of the river it's the least he can do."

"We'll practically be his father."

"Foster father."

"Same thing. Anyway, he'll call us father."

"Another thing, he gets baptised with our names. Be swell, having a kid christened for us."

"You mean he'll have all our names?"

"'Course."

"But, golly, there's more'n twenty of us."

"What's the diff?"

"And Red might chip in. Pete and Nicky, maybe. Then if Grady kicks in with the dime he owes me, he'll want his name on the kid, too."

"So what? A kid can have more'n one name. Everybody's got middle ones. I've two myself. What's a couple more or less?"

"You don't understand," said Noel. "That water's got to be running all the time baptism's going on."

"You telling me?" scoffed Louie.

"It ain't," denied Sam. "Only when you're saying the watchamacallit."

"And how can a fellow keep water running all the time it takes to say twenty, twenty-five names?"

"Gosh. That's right."

"Can't be done."

"Might hold him under a faucet."

"Ain't got faucets in China."

"Anyway, they'd drown him."

"Be worse than the river."

"Would the fish—"

"Use a pitcher."

"Or a can."

"Aw, don't you think those missionaries know how to baptize a kid yet?"

"But twenty names—"

"And anyway, the water's only running when you say—"

"But gee, twenty names!"

"It's an awful mouthful," sighed Noel.

But regardless of the tax on the vocal muscles of the missionary destined by Fate (and a few other things, including Yat Gow) to officiate at the christening of the happy (or unhappy) Sugar Plum, the offspring of Yee Sing Chong, it was decided most vociferously (trumpet accompaniment, here) that all who donated one cent or more toward ransom was entitled

as a matter of absolute right to have his particular patron saint further glorified by having the label of that particular saint firmly affixed to the aforesaid Sugar Plum whether the kid liked it or not.

There followed then a pestering of parents and a plaguing of relatives—yes, of relatives unto the sixtieth degree of consanguinity, civil reckoning, and a couple of times removed in the bargain. Neighbors' lawns were swept, back yards cleaned up. Junk, of course, was collected from the four quarters of the city and from most parts of the suburbs. Fri'z washed dishes at home every night for a week for a recompense of twenty cents. For a dime, Sam promised to wash behind the ears. At fifteen cents per pooch, Noel washed neighbors' dogs.

The orchestra went full blast. A steam calliope rendered the *obligato*. 'Twas rather raucous, yes; but all was feverish activity. All knew that if it were not done quickly and the coin corralled lickety-split, they'd get a different idea in their heads and the pesky thing wouldn't get done at all.

However, with a score or more lads scrambling, five dollars is no impossible sum. A week saw it collected plus a surplus to cover postage and the cost of the money order.

"Now, where does it go?"

"Father Missionary, of course."

"You rummy, I mean where?"

"China, you bum, China."

"I know that. But where, China? China's big."

"Aw, can't you figure? Ain't the money for ransom?"

"Well?" The boys respectfully awaited Louie to solve the problem. By reason of former residence in a gangster town, he was considered something of an authority on ransoms. "Go ahead."

Louie proceeded to expound. "Ransom," said he, "is what happens after you're kidnapped. But that's in English. In Chinese you're shanghai'd. And ain't Shanghai in China?"

"Sure is."

"Must be Shanghai, then."

"Yeah. Must be."

Next ensued a grand gallop executed by Yat Gow in



allegro brioso wherein he led his bandits over the docks in Shanghai, rifled the mail pouches and made off with everything that looked like anything.

In his hideout in the outskirts he meditates in *andantino* over the remittance payable to Father Missionary, Shanghai, China. 'Tis a wailing melody, this, abounding in reminiscences and replete with pathetic minors. A few years before, a cousin of his had attempted to cash a similar order, impersonating a payee by the name of Smith. The Federalists, then in power, stood the unfortunate cousin against a wall. Bye and bye, they went away. The cousin didn't. Another cousin had tried the same stunt with an order payable to Jones and got propped up against the same wall by the Anti-Federalists, then running affairs. Just who were directing governmental activities at the moment Yat Gow wasn't certain. The wall, however, still remained where it had always been. Yat's thoughts, therefore, shifted into another direction—away from the wall.

Now, unless the orchestra is entirely composed of virtuosi it had better not attempt to render the translation of the letter accompanying the check, for it would sound no better to you in music than it did in words to Yat Gow. Before leaving the U. S. the score was pretty well mangled by twenty three pairs of hands whose fingers were more accustomed to those scales that weighed junk than with the ones Beethoven, say, used to measure notes. Nor were the fingers of Yat Gow's interpreters any cleaner. Sour notes predominated. Nevertheless, Yat sensed the general drift and schemed accordingly.

He picked up the last born (who was also the only remaining born—the previously born having been already toted to the river) of Yee Sing Chong, hied himself to the opposite side of the city and, with Sugar Plum in one hand and letter and check in the other, began bargaining with Friar Felipe, whose name prior to his entry into Holy Orders had been Felipe Alejandro Carlos de Mendoza y Gallego-Ramirez.

Had the circumstance occurred some thirty years before, when Fra Felipe first arrived in China in all the exuberance of missionary zeal, he undoubtedly would have declaimed in *larghetto religioso*, trying to convert Yat Gow, also throwing in an extra improvisation or two in *furioso* so that the bandit might know what was thought of him. But Fra Felipe, in his present experience, knew when sermons wouldn't work. Yat Gow, although he was surprisingly fluent in any language when it came to dollars and yen, displayed a lamentable deficiency in Fra Felipe's native Spanish, a profound ignorance of the two Chinese dialects the Friar was familiar with, and a scant understanding of pidgin English.

Had it happened twenty years before, when early zeal had worn down and pristine illusions had been dispelled by extended residence in China, and at a time when Fra Felipe was aware of a thing or two concerning men like Yat Gow, he probably would have thrashed the scoundrel in *molto vivace* and taken baby, check, letter and all, afterwards turning Yat over to the

authorities. But the Friar couldn't do the first because he was over sixty years of age; he couldn't do the second because he didn't know who the then present authorities were or where they were located.

There appeared no alternative. The river was ominously close at hand. Yat hinted this. So the upshot was that Yat got his endorsement and Fra Felipe got Sugar Plum.

The priest baptized the infant all right; but he couldn't very well call it Louie, Red, Nicky, Ted, Noel, etc., etc., right through to the twenty-third name, which was James, for the quite understandable reason that it wasn't that kind of baby. He called it *Maria de Todos los Santos*, certain, in the simplicity of his goodly Spanish soul, that if anybody could come closer than this to pasting twenty-three masculine names on a girl baby he'd have to go some.

Whereupon he set himself to work and after two hours of painstaking effort with the aid of a Spanish-English dictionary mailed acknowledgement to Fritzie White, the only one of the bunch with wit enough to set down full name and address.

* * * * *

He might have sent a bomb.

Fritzie came tearing down the street to the vacant lot where the boys were playing marbles for keeps, waving the letter after the fashion of a hashish-crazed Malay brandishing a kris. "Criminy, fellows. It's a girl!"

"Huh?"

"Who is?"

"A jane! Cripes! A jane!"

"What are you talking about?" Sam, being ahead of the game thirty-five marbles and perfectly willing to quit while quitting was profitable, welcomed the diversion. "What's up?"

"What's up? Plenty!" bawled Fritz. "Do you realize you guys ain't fathers at all? No!" he yelled. "You're nothing but a bunch of mothers."

Sam cocked an eye. "You're crazy with the heat."

"Yeah? Take a look at that."

They took a look. They took several looks. They looked individually and collectively, in relays and in squads. They looked until they were thoroughly satisfied they were seeing what they were looking at and not something else.

"Holy Smoke! We're mothers!"

"Worse. Only foster mothers."

The announcement raised havoc. A howl went up that echoed and reechoed over a square mile of territory. Housewives stuck heads out windows wondering where the murder was. Schultz ran out of his delicatessen. Dyer popped out of his garage. Mrs. Peterson's parrot, hanging outside the third story window of Kennedy's Flats, fluttered and squawked. Five blocks up, the cop on the beat pulled out his nightstick.

"We've been gypped," Teddy cried.

"Bamboozled, that's what. How can we have a girl named after us?"

"Cripes! With a hundred million kids in China he had to go and pick a dame."

"Three hundred million," boosted Nick.

Just the same, though, there were a few who opined mothers were almost as important as fathers. "Besides, it hurts as much to be drowned whether you're girl or boy."

"Absolutely. How'd you like it if you were girl and got dumped in the river?"

"Would the fish—" began Noel.

"You want to figure, too, that it's cheaper to raise girls. A boy's coming around all the time for a nickle or something. With a girl it won't cost us no more."

"Something in that," approved those who, recognizing that so long as initial cost was gone anyway, believed they might as well economize on upkeep.

"But she's liable to turn out a Sister," objected Fritz. "Suppose she comes to visit us?"

"I'd beat it out the back door," said Nicky.

Sam couldn't see it. "She'd only wait till I came in if I told her I was out. Nobody's going to travel all that distance to see her father without sticking around a little while anyway."

The contention was not without a certain force.

"She'd hang around all right," admitted Louie. "Probably ask neighbors where you were. Ask about all of us."

"Darned if she'll find me."

"Gee, and if they've no door bells in China she wouldn't know any better than to stand outside and yell our names."

"Couldn't," commented Louie who was going over the letter again. "She doesn't know 'em. Ain't wearing 'em."

"She can call Pa."

"Or Ma."

"Imagine that! Calling us *Mama!*"

"Criminy!"

"Gr-r-r-rk!" squawked Mrs. Peterson's parrot. "Mama!"

Fritz exploded. "Hey!" he shouted. "Hear that? Even the polly's poking fun at us."

"Hey!" squawked Polly. "Mama!"

"I'll kill that bird," roared Sam.

"Ain't polly's fault," interposed Louie. "It's only repeating what Sister says."

"Then let her shut up."

"Who?" asked Noel. "Polly?"

"No. Sister. She's got every bird in the block calling us names."

"It's the missionary's fault," said someone. "He picked her out."

"Maybe it was a mistake." Louie came to the defense of a Church in China that was sorely in need of defense.

"That's no excuse. My cousin, Grace, made a mistake of a dime in change once and the Five-Ten canned her. Had it been five dollars she'd have been jailed."

"The Bishop ought to hear of it."

"Cardinal."

"Not good enough. If one's crooked over there, they all are. Only way to get a square deal is write the Vatican. That would straighten 'em out in a jiffy."

The radical clique applauded.

"It's enough to make people quit going to church." The ultra-radicals went into action.

"And land in Purgatory?"

The ultra-radicals went out of action. "Gosh. That's worse than the river."

"Would the fish—"

"Maybe he wasn't a priest." Another idea sprouted.

"Oh, yes. He'd have to be to cash the order. Besides, only a priest could cook up a name like that. See it? *Todos los Santos*. That's her middle name. Means: All the Saints. I know. A Mexican kid across the tracks—"

"Something like up Ukiah where we picked hops one year. They got a church there called St. Mary of the Angels."

"I sort of get it," said Fritz. "It's like an abbreviation with a period after."

"Right. Takes in the whole bunch without the bother of ticking 'em off one by one."

"Sure saves a lot of breath," pointed out the conservative group.

"It does at that." Sam, noticing that it was getting too dark to resume the marble game and knowing winnings were now safe, saw no point in prolonging discussion. Names, or the absence of them, didn't bother him. Lots had been drawn to settle the arrangement of names on the infant and it had developed that Sam's came out of the hat number twenty-two. This was tantamount to not being represented at all. "As long as we're all there, it's jake by me."

"Well, if we're all there—" The radicals, deserted by their spokesman, capitulated.

Fritz still wavered. "Suppose she comes to see us?"

"Let her. You can't disown your own kid."

"But if she wants to rub noses?"

That took thinking over. "Well, just tell her nice that we don't do those things over here."

Fritz surrendered. "Guess you're right. Anyway, it'd sure be fierce to kick our kid into the streets. Be almost as bad as letting her stick in the river."

"But the fish," burst out Noel's lusty *barcarolle*, "would the fish have eaten her if we left her there?"

"Huh?"

"Would the fish have eaten her?"

"Cripes, yes. Fish eat meat."

"Thought so," said Noel. "I never did like fish. Now I got a swell excuse to quit eating it. The darned cannibals—*eating my kid!*"

Let's Browse around



THE whirr and whistle of the wind about the wings of a mighty silver plane pioneering across the airways of the Atlantic as told by a brilliant and sensitive woman: this is Anne Lindbergh's *Listen! the Wind*. Gripping in its intensity and thrilling with adventure it is still a careful, technical study of a portion of the survey flight made by the Lindberghs over the Atlantic air routes in 1933.

The flight began in New York, thence to Labrador, from Africa to South America. Mrs. Lindbergh's narrative concerns the ten days that elapsed from the time they reached Africa until they landed in Natal, South America. The distance was 1,800 miles and involved the problems of fuel reserves, water supply, and flying by night—it was "the difference between an easy flight and a difficult one." Disappointment and delay met the flyers when they arrived in Porta Pria in the Cape Verde Islands, a barren spot where the heat was oppressive; where disease, filth, and discomfort faced them. The wind blew incessantly in Porta Pria, the hanger was deserted. They could not lift their plane with its heavy load from that base. They must return to Dakar and take off from there. Impossible. Dakar was besieged with yellow-fever. To Bathurst they flew, where time again beat its rhythm, where life and comforts greeted them. Here there was no wind. Day after day they waited. Painstakingly the Colonel lightened the load of the plane, weighing out each article they could leave behind without risking their safety.

ON JANUARY 4, 1821, the life of another heroic American woman was closed, but her work has been carried on by her spiritual daughters and time has named her one of the noblest figures in the history of the Church in America. *An American Woman* is a brief and happy outline of the strange and remarkable career of Elizabeth Ann Seton.

Born of socially prominent Protestant parents, Elizabeth Bayley did not become a Catholic until she was a widow with five children. Always of a deeply spiritual character she was devoted to the Church of her forefathers. It was only after a long heroic struggle that she finally marched resolutely into Old Saint Peter's in lower New York and declared her intention of becoming a Catholic. That declaration cost her position and friends. She was called a "poor fanatic" whose brain had been affected by sorrows and illness. Her situation became so difficult that she decided to leave New York forever. To Baltimore she went and opened a school for girls. Gradually vocations gathered about her and Elizabeth Seton became Mother Seton of the Sisters of Charity. In the twelve years of her religious life she buried four members of her family and met every discouragement that could possibly be offered. In spite of her own poor health she labored incessantly. Well might she write to one of her Sisters: "This is not the country for solitude and silence but for warfare and crucifixion." The warfare she waged has borne magnificent fruit. Today her spiritual daughters

number more than 8,000 and have under their direction high schools, colleges, hospitals, orphanages, and asylums throughout the country.

Seán O'Faoláin has a "way with words." He has been writing fine tales for a number of years and now he's taken himself into the field of biography and brought back to life Daniel O'Connell, *King of the Beggars*, the man called by Gladstone "the greatest popular leader the world has ever seen."

Now that a new Ireland has arisen, a republic that is recognized and respected on every side, it is well for O'Faoláin to take us back to meet the one man who was able to unite his people, awaken them and train them to fight for their rights. In 1691 after the Battle of Boyne, Ireland was in a state of bondage. Dire poverty, degradation and serfdom ruled. Only one possession had the Irish: their Faith. They had not under the heavens one single other weapon, no land, no schools, no position. As Catholics the Penal Laws excluded them from every privilege, but the Catholic Relief Act permitted young Dan O'Connell to enter Trinity College and prepare for a legal career.

O'Faoláin is always the story teller and by devious ways he makes the most of his subject, as a fighter, a demagogue, a shrewd and cunning lawyer, using religion as a wedge to gain his objective. But we are not concerned with the weaknesses and human falterings of O'Connell. We are concerned with his accomplishments. He thought a democracy and

it rose. He defined himself and his people became him. He imagined a future and the road appeared. "He left his successors nothing to do but to follow him." Here is biographical history from the hand of a master novelist.

DOROTHY Thompson, one of the nation's greatest women political writers, is the author of a *Political Guide*. It is a dictionary on the basic trends of American liberalism. It shows a background of strong spiritual values and is permeated with cool, common sense. It is a particular challenge to women to exercise their influence for a world based "not on mechanical but on human principles," that balance and reason be applied toward the solution of our political problems; that we utilize brains instead of Brain Trusts. Attacking the evils of birth control she points out the dangers to a society in which the "will to live and create life becomes atrophied." Such a civilization cannot endure, whatever its boasted culture. Miss Thompson's book is brief, clear and good.

ACARRACK Sailed Away by Mabel Farnum is an historical novel relating an adventure for souls, "for the glory and honor of the Divine King." Master Francis Xavier, the hero, was a noble gentleman, the son of a noble lord who waived all earthly honors to become "the least and most useless" of the sons of St. Ignatius.

A six-months voyage from Portugal brought him to Goa, India, a fertile field for apostolic labors, where even the Christians had become contaminated by the corrupt lives of their Muzzelman neighbors. For twelve years Francis labored in India, in Japan. Thousands of souls in every class and degree of society heard of the Faith through his teachings and were baptized through his efforts. Love of souls for God made him gloriously courageous. He went dauntlessly before the throne of the Oriental potentates to tell the story of the Crucified and to win the right to teach Christianity in Pagan temples. But he was not satisfied; his final goal was China. This hope was denied him,

for weakened from his long years of mortification and sacrifice, he died within sight of the shores he yearned to reach. It is significant that the great difficulties that Xavier met in the last years of his apostolate were raised by the selfish ambitions of his own countrymen. Today his incorrupt body lies in Goa. Every nationality and race come to pay homage to the great apostle of the Missions. Mabel Farnum's book is excellent. She has taken away the romantic glamour of distant lands. She has left only the stern reality of the missionary's life.

Quietness, modesty, and fidelity are the distinctive characteristics of Sister Blandine Merten, an Ursuline nun, whose biography is called *A Hidden Spouse of Our Lord*. It is compiled from recollections, notes and letters left by her. Complete surrender of self is the underlying principle of Sister Blandine's struggle for perfection. Happiness and sublime trust lightened her short life of suffering and trials.

Strength Through Prayer is the second volume of the *With Heart and Mind* series written by Sister Helen Madeleine, S. N. D., and is a little guide of spiritual meditation offering refreshment of heart and mind. It will lead your mind from the roadways of the world to "the gateways of heaven."

For a heart-warming little gift there is another of those beautifully bound little volumes by Father Lasance entitled *Kindness*, the Bloom of Charity. It is a collection of prayers, poems, and quotations on the Queen of Virtues that contains happy thoughts for the darkest day.

The Troubadour of God by Camille Melloy tells a few of the marvelous episodes in the life of St. Francis of Assisi. It is written for grown-ups and children alike, and its poetic freshness and beautiful illustrations add new beauty to the traditions and legends that have wound themselves about this beloved little saint.

Boys and girls of high school age will find nothing boring or unattractive in Daisy Moseley's *Sunshine and Saints*. She has a cheery human way of introducing her saints so they do not stand apart, but become

truly intimate friends. Ten well-known saints including Catherine of Siena, Joan of Arc, Philip Neri, Isaac Jogues, and the Little Flower are portrayed.

Five Children is the story of a series of apparitions of Our Lady which occurred in 1932 in Beauring, a small town of Belgium. Here Our Lady appeared to five children from nine to fourteen years of age. In spite of the criticism and questionings which they were forced to endure, the children continued to see the vision until the whole town became a temple of Mary's graces, a place of pilgrimage for cures and favors. The children are all living today, leading simple practical Catholic lives.

Persimmon Creek by Nellie Page Carter is an amusing story of two negro children who go to stay with their grandmother in the country. Jeff decides to buy a mule and support his little sister. Well, he has a bad time of it and little eight and ten-year olds will have a jolly time reading of his troubles. It is cleverly illustrated by Alice Caddy.

December Book Shelf

Listen! The Wind, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh, Harcourt, Brace & Co., Price \$2.50.

An American Woman, Elizabeth Seton, By Leonard Feeney, S. J., America Press, Price \$2.00.

King of the Beggars, by Seán O'Faoláin, Viking Press, Price \$3.50.

A Carrack Sailed Away, by Mabel Farnum, Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Price \$2.00.

A Hidden Spouse of our Lord, by Sister M. Hermenegildis Visarius, Benziger Brothers, Price \$1.50.

Political Guide, by Dorothy Thompson, Stackpole Sons, Price \$1.25.

Strength through Prayer, by Sister Madeleine, S. N. D. de Namur, Benziger Brothers, Price \$1.00.

Kindness, by Rev. F. X. Lasance, Benziger Brothers, Price \$1.00.

The Troubadour of God, by Camille Melloy, translated by Agnes Franklin Keyes, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, Price \$1.00.

Sunshine and Saints, by Daisy M. Moseley, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, Price \$1.50.

Five Children, by Rev. James F. Cassidy, B. A., Benziger Brothers, Price \$1.75.

Persimmon Creek, by Nellie Page Carter, Longman's, Price \$2.00.

DOLLARS AND SENSE

Clarence F. Burkhardt

THERE is a widespread delusion in the United States that we are destined to perpetually build and expand. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that we have been doing it for so long that we have come to look upon it as a permanent state of affairs, when as a matter of fact, it has been but a temporary condition peculiar to a new undeveloped country.

But that we are reaching a general saturation point, is becoming evident to many persons, unpleasant as it may be to those who are obsessed by a misnamed progress. In other words, what we are now calling a depression or a recession, take your choice, may not be that at all, but the above-named saturation point. If that should be the case, then it is supremely necessary for us to recognize the fact, for dodging facts never solves problems, but on the contrary, generally makes them worse.

When the World War threw everything out of balance, one of the things that happened to this country was an illusory prosperity, a boom. This started our spending spree of the dizzy twenties. The extravagance of those who were in the money made America luxury-crazed. To be in good standing, one had to have a car, a this, a that, and a what not. The evil effects of this attitude are still present, and John Q. Public, unable to distinguish between needs and wants, looks back to the pre-depression days much in the same manner as did Mrs. Lot. Let us hope he will escape a similar fate.

This wild spending naturally led to an extension of installment buying in order to rope in those whose incomes would not enable them to keep up with the Joneses in any other way. Millions of super optimists shortly got writers' cramp putting their John Hancock on so many different dotted lines that before they realized what a mess they were putting themselves into, they had to go to the bank to borrow money to buy crackers and bologna.

Many people who obligated themselves in this manner, in a futile effort to make the required payments, frequently dropped far below the

subsistence level, only to lose in the end, the objects for which they had made such sacrifices. One observer calls the time payment collector a hard boiled drill sergeant who has had the American people goose stepping to the loss of their character and spirit, people once noted for their thrift and independence. The system has not only broken down morale, but is decidedly bad business. Of course things could not keep on this way, and so came the 1929 smash.

There is much economic injustice that will have to be wiped out. There are many thrifty and industrious people who are suffering untold distress through no fault of their own, and their plight must be our first concern. Any other course would be un-Christian. This however must not be permitted to blind us to the fact that many other people owe their hardships to their materialism—their unquenchable thirst for things, things, things. Raise their incomes, but fail to correct this mammon worship, allow the high pressure salesmen to keep dinning into their ears the popular fallacy that the luxuries of yesterday are the necessities of today, and we are merely inviting bigger and better depressions in the future. For there is no limit to the things that many people can be bamboozled into imagining that they just have to have. The practice of wanting to enjoy today the fruits of tomorrow's labor is a most dangerous one. Bankers, economists, and government officials are reported as being greatly disturbed over the present trend.

If we can turn our attention away from super production long enough to see what is happening, perhaps we will notice that there is something wrong in the way that we Americans live—our artificial life and our abnormally high death rate, to say nothing of the extent of insanity and nervousness, the American disease. The records of the dizzy twenties in particular, are nothing for a nation that calls itself civilized to boast of. "The motor car" observed Katharine Fullerton Gerould in *Harpers Magazine* several years ago, "is perhaps one of the most

profound influences that American character has in our times been submitted to... Like the telegraph and telephone, it is invaluable to speeding up first aid—the fire engine, the physician, the policeman. Certainly it permits us to follow Nietzsche's precept: 'Live dangerously.' Yet one is dogged and haunted in spite of oneself by the old question, 'What for?'... Who shall say that the nerves do not suffer?"

It is to be hoped that Americans will finally get fed up on this kind of existence, and begin to yearn for real life, a more civilized life that does not require so many gadgets of questionable utility. Prominent among such changes will be a more sane use of automobiles instead of the present habit of using them as playthings instead of conveniences.

It is a known fact that many people have a positive dislike of motor cars. For psychological reasons that should be obvious, the automotive industry will not even as much as mention this fact in its publicity, although it well knows of the existence of this attitude.

So if there is a lessened demand for some things, it must not be too quickly assumed that

the trouble is due only to inadequate purchasing power. True, it may be just that, but on the other hand, it may be due to the fact that we are beginning to tire of some of our present habits.

Though a large part of the American public has succumbed to high-pressure selling, the submission has not been sufficiently complete to make an economic system based on such universal standardization plus installment buying, work. And that in the opinion of many, is the cause of the present slow down. If this opinion is sound, then all the inventive geniuses, all the industrial tycoons, and all the high-pressure salesmen in the world cannot make the system work, and there will be a surprise in store for those who are still dreaming of the post war boom.

From present indications therefore, that innocent sounding invention of the devil, "consumer credit," alias installment buying, a device that has caused untold distress, is due for a little disciplining. In other words, we are going to narrow the gulf between dollars and sense.

"A Penny for Your Thoughts"

Again, Our Young People

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

Turning to a limited number of readers scattered throughout the country, THE GRAIL, not unmindful of a distaste that many persons have for a questionnaire, offered them "a penny for their thoughts." This particular set of questions was planned so as to be quite general; yet it was meant to give an indication of what lies near the surface, if unexpressed, in many an active mind. The response was most gratifying and truly in some ways proved an unexpected revelation.

In considering the results we must keep in mind that the replies are almost entirely from Catholic readers, some rural some urban, though the questions for the most part were such that religion played no part in the answer. Men and women were about equally represented among those that replied, women having a slight majority. The invitation to suggest topics for articles in THE GRAIL brought a large variety of excellent subjects. It will take a long time to exhaust the list, but we hope to touch upon every topic in the editorial page, in the "Quest for Truth," or with a full length article. Readers are always welcome at any time to suggest articles and submit questions.

Another question proposed to the generality of our readers was, "In your opinion are the morals of the young people (ages 15-25) worse to-day than they were twenty years ago?" Of the answers received, over two thirds thought the morals worse, the rest considered them better.

In all the ages of history it seems that one of the favorite topics of older people has been and still is the moral condition of younger people; and the general attitude seems always to be that things were better in former times. Two thousand years ago the poet Horace warns one not to be "laudator temporis acti," one who praises times past. The following of Christ warns us against speaking of how much better the past times were as against a piece of foolishness. I am bringing this forward not in condemnation of our readers who are perhaps alarmed at the condition of our present-day youth, but to show that people have always been rather generally of the

same opinion about the youth of their day.

If this question had been proposed to me, I should have hesitated long in answering it. Then, if I had made bold to give an answer, I should have given it with some qualifications. For there are distinctions to be made; there are many things to be taken into consideration. Let us dwell a bit on some of them.

Let us, first, make a distinction between Catholic youth and those outside the Church. From one viewpoint, it seems to me that our Catholic youth must be better, and that because of the fact of more frequent Communion. This most divine of all the Sacraments confers not only grace by way of its very reception, but the very Author of all grace. Now it is a fact which no one can deny that each year more and more of our young people are receiving Holy Communion more frequently. It seems to follow necessarily that they should advance from virtue to virtue unto greater perfection of living.

On the other hand, we must with equal necessity affirm that there is no way for us to compute mathematically the distribution of God's graces. It is generally quite true that the youth of a former generation were, as it were, against their will deprived of more frequent Communion. It just wasn't thought of by either parents or teachers. And when people inculpably lack the ordinary means of grace, God frequently makes up for this by giving more generously of His help and favor. Yet, for all that, I would cast my vote in favor of the Catholic youth of today as being generally better than they were in the past.

Let us now consider the sad plight of those outside the Church. For hundreds of years these have been deprived of the wonderful graces of the Sacraments; they have, moreover, been the hapless victims of false teachings. All this, coupled with man's normal inclination to sin and to yield to the concupiscence of our fallen nature, would seem to be certain indications that the morals of those outside the Church would be inferior to those of the young who

BETHLEHEM AGAIN

In mystic Flesh of Bread
In mystic Blood of Wine
On Christmas Day the priest
Brings forth the Child Divine.

The altar, Bethlehem
On which we can behold
The Infant Jesus in
His crib, ciborium gold.

And we can warm Him with
Our hearts, His swaddling
bands
When we receive Him from
The priest's anointed hands.

Communion is again
Our Lord's Nativity,
And Bethlehem is brought
In close proximity.

Paschal Boland, O. S. B.

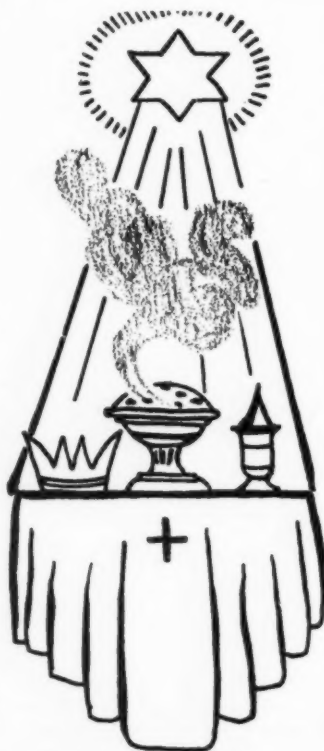
were privileged to belong to the Body of Christ.

Such seems to be the case also today. But are they worse than a generation ago? It seems that they ought to be, because those of a previous era had at least this advantage, namely, that their parents were still more or less devout Protestants who read their Bible; who had a rather severe code of morality based on the Ten Commandments, and not only endeavored to live by this code but insisted and saw to it that their children did likewise.

Now what is the darksome picture today? Outside the true Church, religion of any kind is quite generally thrown over, with only the outward shell of appearance retained. And, as is always the case, the substitute now given to the young is infinitely worse. The substitute is a natural philosophy of living, in the scheme of which God is entirely left out; God's teachings and God's restraining morals are no longer inculcated. Our unfortunate youth, with all their passions, are turned loose like young animals into the jungle created by the world, the flesh, and the devil. What can one expect?

But this is not all. It were bad enough if education were only simply negative as regards God and religion. The sad fact is that the teaching which youth receive today is quite positive, positively bad and immoral. They are not only taught that there is no God, no Son of God made man, no church; they are even taught that there is no sin, no responsibility in conscience, no eternal retribution. Nay more, it is told them that they must not resist their natural impulses, for that will have an ill effect on them; that it is quite all right, even desirable, to indulge in all that the flesh demands; that it is fit and honorable to get to the top over the fallen fortunes and broken bodies of other men; that what are called misdeeds by society are in reality no sins at all.

Such is the modern philosophy of life. What can we expect of young people whose lives are shaped according to such diabolical teaching? One trembles to think of the answer. God alone can give it.



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